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The Week

NOT even Mr. Lloyd George's most intimate associates and loyal followers express much confidence in the ability of the Genoa Conference to accomplish anything important in the way of reconstructive economic legislation. They expect no more from it than a few economic palliatives and a confused but clarifying political discussion which may remove some of the existing obstacles to a more emancipated future conference. But even though it is unable to prescribe for Europe the medicinal and sanitary measures which are necessary for recovery from the present sickness, it may still justify its own existence. It will probably enable the only doctor whose authority is equal to the job of dealing with such a powerful and unruly patient—that is the effective public opinion of the world—to reach a better informed and more radical diagnosis of the malady. The best way of reaching such a diagnosis was to summon a conference at which the existing Russian and German governments were represented nominally as equals. The presence of Russian and German delegates and their participation in the deliberations will produce a mixed result. It will at once increase the vitality of the discussion and the reality of the diagnosis, but by exposing the dangerous nature of the malady it will diminish the probability of any immediate agreement upon a remedy.

AMERICAN public opinion should understand that the prospective benefits of the conference are psychological rather than legislative. Genoa is an experimental essay in the work of rooting out the psychology of war and of substituting a psychology of peace. It will succeed not in so far as it reaches agreements by suppressing significant differences of outlook and principle, but in so far as it frankly exposes and discusses the significant differences which now divide Europe. This is the fundamental interpretation which Mr. John Maynard Keynes places on the conference, and as usual Mr. Keynes is pretty nearly right. The Allies have suffered ever since the armistice from a megalomania of righteous victory. They considered themselves justified in perpetrating all kinds of violence, provided only it was practiced on the unregenerate enemy. The Genoa Conference is the first attempt to substitute negotiation for force as the arbiter of Europe. It cannot translate the present negotiation into healing legislation because of the limitations of the agenda, but not even this limitation can prevent the major significance of such a valuable and novel experiment from emerging. In order to strengthen their cause it is only necessary for the friends of government by conference among the delegates to keep their heads, to realize the necessity of subordinating political grievances to measures of economic relief and to argue their case on the facts. Their object should be, if possible, thoroughly to expose the results of the policy of violence and to isolate its beneficiaries and supporters. The Genoa Conference offers to the European nations who were either neutral or vanquished in the

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war the opportunity to bring about this exposure. The absence of America will be beneficial rather than the reverse. It should augment the reality of the discussion by increasing the improbability of shutting off or denaturing the clash of opinion in the interest of some unsatisfactory makeshift agreement, resting, as the Treaty of Versailles was supposed to do, on American power.

AN encouraging and significant aspect of the strike of the coal miners is the much fairer hearing that the miners are getting in the press and with public opinion than they did two years ago. Then they were prosecuted by the government, misrepresented by the newspapers and intolerantly condemned by the public. Now they are almost patted on the back by the government. The newspapers either mildly approve or disapprove of the strike, but in either case they furnish to their readers a fair account of the facts on which an honest and intelligent opinion can be based. This improved attitude is not traceable merely to the technical violation by the miners of their agreement two years ago and the technical violation by the operators of their agreement today. In 1920 the operators refused to consider a demand for an increase in wages which the government commission subsequently declared to be at least partly justified. Today the miners are refusing to accept a decrease in wages for which on general grounds there is much to be said. The difference between 1920 and 1922 results from a changed and improved public state of mind with respect to organized labor. Two years ago public opinion was suspicious of the unions and disposed to condemn them as aggressive and overbearing. But today there is an equally strong tendency to believe that it is the employers' organizations which are overbearing and the wage-earners who are the under dog and who are suffering from oppression and persecution.

EVEN more significant is the rapid spread of the idea that if the United States is to avoid strikes in the coal industry, the government must investigate its conduct and superintend its management. We quoted recently an expression of opinion to this effect on the part of the Philadelphia Ledger. The New York Herald has swung into line by advocating a measure of government supervision over coal as drastic as that which it visits upon the railroads. Recently the New York Times, not to be outdone, declared that "what the coal industry requires is a process of reconstruction" and that until the government acts "the public will continue to be the chief victim of legislative impotence." It is true that what both the Herald and the Times mean by "reconstruction" is chiefly some arrangement permitting the coal operators to combine for the purpose of stabilizing the industry. But their admission of the breakdown of the competitive system in the mining and distribution of coal should encourage the union to agitate for more complete socialization of the industry. The assumption that there is something wrong with the prevailing conduct of the coal business is gradually becoming the major premise in popular discussions of the subject. The issue dealing with the mining of coal which the Survey Graphic has recently published is strengthening this assumption. The analyses and description of the coal industry which it contains have placed at the disposal of the newspapers and public opinion a fair, a comprehensive and an illuminating account of the existing disorganization of the business and its relation to the present strike. The issue was edited by the Bureau of Industrial Research, which must share with the Survey Graphic the credit for placing at the disposal of public opinion such a well-digested and enlightening collection of facts about the operators and management of one of the most important public utilities in the country.

IN the New Republic of April 5th Mr. Charles P. Sweeney exposed the falsification in the New York press of the facts about the death of Peter Picuro. The apparent object was to associate the dead man with "radicalism" and "radicalism" with bombs. Our attention is called to one serious omission in Mr. Sweeney's exposure. Among the morning papers he quoted from the Times, the Tribune, the American and the Herald, passages which associated the facts with a palpably false interpretation. The World was the only morning paper which eschewed this perversion. The evening papers of the same day were worse, on the whole, rather than better in spite of the longer time they had to investigate. Mr. Sweeney quoted offending passages from the Evening Telegram, from the Journal, from the Mail, from the Evening Post and from the Evening World. But he did not mention the Globe and a reader might naturally infer that the Globe's account was more accurate than that of its competitors. As a matter of fact the Globe was certainly as unscrupulous in associating the explosion with an abortive radical plot as were the other papers and was far more flagrant in its perversion than the Evening Post. The account published in its final edition was particularly imaginative. In fact the passage about the way in which "intellectuals" inflamed simple-minded mechanics to manufacture bombs which Mr. Sweeney quoted from the Morning Telegraph of the following day was apparently derived from the Globe of the previous evening.

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BULLETIN No. 19 of the Bureau of State Research of the New Jersey State Bureau of Commerce presents an extremely illuminating study of the Workmen's Compensation law of the state. In this field of social legislation New Jersey was a pioneer, but so rapid has been the progress in other states that in certain vital points the New Jersey law is now far in the rear. The benefits, originally based upon the pre-war level of wages and prices, are now utterly inadequate. So also is the provision for medical treatment. In its provision for rehabilitation of the injured New Jersey is still in the lead, but much remains to be done to salvage the maximum percentage of the human wreckage of industry. Can the business of the state afford to assume the burden of bringing the provisions of the law up to a fair and just standard? The calculations of cost worked out by the Bureau show that less than one half of one percent on the pay roll would suffice. And even this small increase in the cost of production could be obviated by employing the services of a state fund instead of the services of the casualty companies.

ONE hundred and thirteen men are still serving sentences in federal prisons for the expression of opinion in war time. No one of these men was charged with any overt act against persons or property. They were members of an organization, the I. W. W., which was not unlawful before the war; nor would the expression of opinion for which they were sentenced be criminal under any law now on the statute books. A number of men who were tried for the same offence, and against whom the government had an equally strong—or equally weak—case were pardoned last Christmas. What justice is there in keeping the rest in jail? What national interest is subserved by it? There is not another country which has not granted amnesty for similar offences. The signal vindictiveness of President Harding's policy of inaction in this matter is doing the reputation of America great wrong among free peoples.

ACCORDING to Washington dispatches to the Times, one of the grounds on which President Harding opposes a reduction in naval appropriations is that the naval program dovetails with the merchant marine policy. If we are to have a subsidized merchant marine, we must have an efficient navy. "Trade routes must be protected and the navy and the merchant marine must work hand in hand." It is difficult to find fault with the logic of this position. A subsidized merchant marine is essentially an instrument of international cut-throat competition. That kind of competition inevitably leads to international hostility, and prepares the ground for war. If then we must enter upon a provocative merchant marine policy, we had better keep up our preparations for war. But why must we enter upon such a policy? Add to the subsidy the naval costs entailed, and we shall be putting out a hundred million or more, and for what good end? To enable us to brag about the tonnage under the American flag? That may be pleasant, but it is not worth a hundred millions a year plus a decided increase in the risk of war.

IMAGINE what cries of mismanagement would have been heard if during the period of government control the repairing of locomotives had been taken away from the railway repair shops and let to outsiders at a huge increase in costs. That is what the railway companies themselves have done. The New York Central had two hundred locomotives repaired in outside shops at an average cost of $21,912, when the corresponding cost of similar repairs in its own shops was $5,927. The Pennsylvania had 195 locomotives repaired in outside shops at $25,799 as against $9,453 in its own shops. These facts have been established by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Commission absolves the railway companies of the charge of sinister motives. Apparently the majority of the Commission does not believe that the companies made these wasteful contracts for the purpose of disciplining the workers in their own shops, or for the purpose of inflating the costs on which their rates are based. The railway companies receive the benefit of the doubt; they are to be assumed to be merely stupid. This kind of stupidity, however, does not improve the case for private management.

NECESSITY, not theory, instituted the experiments in tax exemption of buildings in New York and other states. Dwelling house construction had to be given a stimulus, and tax exemption was the easiest way. Nevertheless, the experiment throws a good deal of light on a theoretical problem which has been threshed over through many years by the defenders and critics of the Single Tax. Would the untaxing of buildings and the concentration of tax burdens on land and other natural resources give an impetus to improvement? The tax exemption experiment goes far toward establishing the Single Taxers' view of the case. There has been a notable increase in construction which is definitely imputable to it. Anyone can assure himself of the causal relation of exemption to new construction merely by examining the real estate advertisement in any metropolitan newspaper. "Build now and save so and so many thousands through ten years of tax exemption."

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New York's "Crime Wave"

NEW YORK is again luxuriating in a "crime wave." To judge from the papers, it is more than a "wave"—it is a deluge of crime. But the phenomenon is a familiar story in the life of the Big City, a familiar story in the life of every American big city. There is the same old controversy between the press and the police as to whether there is an actual increase in crime or merely an increase of newspaper attention to crime. The wrangle between the New York World and Commissioner Enright, as to the volume and nature of crimes perpetrated in New York, is a wrangle that has been going on from time to time between newspapers and police commissioners for at least a generation. The World calls Commissioner Enright's figures "ex-parte statistics." The Police Commissioner retorts with the lie direct. Equally familiar is the arming of citizens in self-defence and the beginnings of vigilantes, much more suggestive of the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" than of Washington Square and Fifth Avenue. One would suppose that the protection of life and property is the basic duty of government and that the assumption of this duty by any private interest is a reversion from law to anarchy. And yet we find the most conservative New York daily announcing as a matter of course "We don't care who represses crime, so long as it is repressed."

Nor is there anything novel in the various explanations offered for the alleged "crime wave." We are witnessing the usual tendency to ascribe the plethora of crime (the exact volume of which nobody knows), to the pet explanation of each analyst for all the existing ills of the universe. The "war" is a short and simple word invoked to explain the "crime wave"—regardless of the fact that a good deal more of war has not prevented a very favorable balance sheet for criminal justice in England. Nearer home, the striking curtailment of important crimes in Detroit and Chicago in 1921, compared with pre-war days, shows how unscientific the war explanation is. Again, red-blooded men like Miss Agnes Repplièr are quick to point out that a "crime wave" is the inevitable consequence of coddling the criminal. "Leniency towards the criminal" and "sentiment," Miss Repplier tells New Yorkers, produce this "orgy of crime." This hardy doctrine needs no statistics and maintains its dogmatism despite the fact that the retributive theory of crime is being jettisoned, and that severity of punishment, while the most dramatic, is probably the least significant factor in the modern problems of criminal justice.

The causes being few and simple, the remedies will also, of course, be few and simple. First and foremost and most familiar is the assumption that it is all a question of good men and bad men and that if our criminal justice has gone awry, the chief task is the simple one of eliminating the bad official. This time his name is Enright. With its characteristic energy, the World insists that Enright must go and presumably then all will be well. Enright denies that conditions are bad and in the same breath, protests that he lacks policemen enough to protect New York. The District Attorney, in turn, demands more assistance if the criminal law is to be enforced with that speed and sureness which alone gives it vitality. The criminal courts do not keep up with their volume of business so what more obvious than to demand more courts and more judges? The press, business organizations and the Bar all become God-sakers. "Let's do something," being the watchword, the obvious thing is to have more "cops," more expensive assistant district attorneys, more judges, more courts. With this increased force and these new heavy expenditures, all should be well. "There is law enough now," announces the New York Times, after these increases were made, "to insure the reasonably perfect administration of criminal justice in New York."

The New Republic does not share this expectation. There will be a transient flurry, a short-lived intensity of effort and little beyond. We are wholly sceptical that anything truly regenerative will come of the present excitement. We are equally convinced there is not "law enough now to insure the reasonably perfect administration of criminal justice"—at least there is not the law requisite to deal with the problem. Our scepticism is due to New York's complete failure to analyze the problems of criminal justice which it pretends to solve. The difficulty in fact reaches still deeper: New York at present is devoid of the instruments to make a scientific analysis of its problems of criminal justice attainable. The Police Commissioner and the New York World quarrel about each other's "ex-parte statistics," because they are ex-parte, because the greatest city of the world is without a scientific system of criminal statistics, removed from personal or party controversy. In plain English, New York at present has no dependable index for the ascertainment of the social health of the city. New York does not know the volume of crime, year by year, scrupulously and scientifically determined by a consistent system of classification. Still less does New York know the causes of its crimes. New York cannot show a balance sheet of the District Attorney's office. New York does

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not know, nobody in New York can tell, whether its criminal courts function adequately. New York does not know what portion of the break-down is attributable to each of the law-enforcing agencies. Still less does it know how much of the "crime wave" is due to failure to coordinate all the agencies of the law.

Scientific study of the existing processes of criminal law as a basis of appraisal and a preliminary to intelligent reform is the crux of New York's problem. Yet this task has been wholly shirked. The measures that have been proposed or enacted for dealing with the new "crime wave," either divert from a candid facing of the issues, or reinforce existing evils. Enright may be as unfit to be New York's chief of police as the World insists he is. We are ready to agree with the World. But the beheading of Enright, and nothing more, will accomplish very little beyond the day. Equally futile is the increase in the District Attorney's staff and in the number of judges. There may have been need for these increases, but nobody knows, because nobody saw fit to study, whether the existing resources, *if properly directed,* effectively equipped and coordinated in action, could not have despatched a greater volume of public business. Governor Miller in fact expressed a shrewd insight as to the bill providing for six additional district attorneys when he said:

> I doubt that the increase would be necessary if the present force of assistants were all competent to prepare and try the cases. . . . . Many of the miscarriages of justice which are commonly attributed to juries, are really due to inadequate preparation or presentation of the cases, or to both.

And yet the Governor signed the bill for the six additional district attorneys. The Bar Associations supported these bills for increasing machinery, equally without a critical analysis of the workings of the present system. Jobs and more of them is our patent remedy.

Such naïve assumptions and blind gropings as New York is now revealing may once have been excusable, but in the light of what other American cities are accomplishing, and judged by the scientific knowledge now available, New York stands convicted of an ignorance and an indifference worse than its crimes. Detroit, in 1921, reduced its record of crime 58 percent below its record of 1920, which was itself a great improvement upon the pre-war record. Chicago has taken itself in hand, with gratifying results. Cleveland last year contributed to the whole country a fundamental study of criminal justice in the modern American city. The results of this study are already bearing fruit. We are convinced that "crime waves" will intermittently break over the city until New York does what Detroit and Chicago and Cleveland have done,—subject itself to rigorous self-diagnosis. Not until then will it really grasp the complexity of its problem. We are convinced that the story which Cleveland disclosed will, with increased force, hold true of New York. The story is told in a report written by Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School, summarizing the results of the survey of Cleveland's criminal justice, conducted under the auspices of the Cleveland Foundation. Dean Pound points out the importance of realizing that such maladjustments as the administration of criminal justice are not referable to any single explanation and hence we must give up the search for any single simple remedy. There are four determining factors in the administration of criminal justice—(1) the men by whom it is administered; (2) the machinery of legal and political institutions, by means of which they administer justice; (3) the environment in which they do so, and (4) the limits of effective legal action.

With the sweep of a great student of the law, Dean Pound projects the inherent and general difficulties of the administration of justice against the peculiar background of American conditions. We have the analysis not merely of one of the most learned of scholars, but also of a man of wide and varied experience in law enforcement, as lawyer, prosecutor and judge, intimately familiar with conditions in pioneer Nebraska as well as the great cities. In a word, our criminal justice is the survival of a system of law and machinery, adapted to a homogeneous, pioneer, primarily agricultural community of the first half of the nineteenth century, in a modern, heterogeneous, crowded, industrial city population. The chaos of our industrial system intensifies the difficulties. Dean Pound writes:

> Our institutions presuppose a stable, home-owning, tax-paying population, of which each individual has and feels a personal interest in its legal and political institutions and bears his share in the conduct of them. Irregularity and discontinuity of employment and consequent migration from city to city, or back and forth between city and country, preclude the sort of society for which our institutions were shaped. That these things must make for crime and for the bad functioning of criminal justice in a large urban population is self-evident, and is shown abundantly by the facts disclosed by this [Cleveland] survey. A survey of the industrial situation with reference to these things would no doubt disclose much that might be used with effect in preventing crime.

The inevitable effects due to the persistence of a system of criminal justice wholly ill-adapted for present-day conditions are reinforced by the "un-

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organized, uninformed and socially indifferent attitude of the more intelligent portion of the citizenship, brought about by concentration on material prosperity to the exclusion of civic life" (The Criminal Courts, Cleveland Survey).

The defects of such a system, working in its modern environment and exploited by professionals, both "crooks" and lawyers, as disclosed by the intensive studies in Cleveland, are thus enumerated by Dean Pound:

> (1) The transition from rural to urban and thence to metropolitan conditions has been met not by intelligent reconstruction, but by patching and addition of numbers; (2) lack of continuity in administration; (3) rigidity of organization, making adjustment to the exigencies of rapid growth and exceptional diversity of population impossible; (4) a tendency to perfunctory routine growing out of the foregoing circumstances; (5) division of power and diffused, ill-defined responsibility, making it difficult to hold any one to account for unsatisfactory results; (6) an assumption of versatility on the part of the officials and subordinates, whereby they are expected to do specialized work offhand in a system of frequent rotation without any adequate provision for the specialization involved in the large undertaking of enforcing the criminal law in a modern city; (7) want of provision for intelligent study of the functioning of administrative machinery, either by those who operate it or by others.

All these seven points are illustrated with significant details in Cleveland's experience; all these seven points, we are confident, would be amply illustrated by a critical study of criminal justice in New York City—or, for the matter of that, in every American city except Detroit and, to some extent, Chicago. Here is the real line for constructive change.

The defects suggest the problems for reform. The most important, according to Dean Pound, are: (1) the reshaping of the substantive criminal law: "the neglect of the criminal law by the leaders of the bar, reflected in neglect of it in our law schools, bears fruit in a backward condition which is full of advantage to the law breaker and to those who make their livelihood by representing him;" (2) organization of the administration of justice, whereby our courts would be unified, with a responsible administrative head and a full use of our judicial force, the prosecuting system rendered as effective as in England and the administrative agencies of the courts organized, supervised and equipped; (3) adequate provision for petty prosecution; (4) preventive methods: "prevention at the source rather than penal treatment afterward must be a large item in dealing with crime."

"Organization, system, supervision and concentrated, responsible authority" is a large part of the prescription—and Detroit shows what can be done when it is taken with courage and understanding. But finally, and always, it all goes back to the civic standards of the community. Spurts of reform fever will do little; and even the effective Detroit system was neither a self-starter, nor will it perform the miracle of perpetual motion. What Mr. Alfred Bettman says in his striking report on Cleveland's Prosecution is the last word of wisdom on the struggle of American cities to cope with crime:

> Each intelligent step taken to remove an existing defect or institute an improvement leaves a permanent residuum of progress. In the end, however, the community must impose the standard. There is no possible method of escape from its indifference to a high standard of ethics and efficiency. If Cleveland cares not merely for the results in an occasional sensational or scandalous case, but for a high standard, applied hourly, daily, weekly, year in and year out, in the administration of criminal justice, it will attain that standard.
>
> It is in the course of actually participating in a survey of the nature of this one, and in the process of developing suggestions for remedies, that one becomes conscious as never before of the unescapable influence of the atmosphere, the traditions, the ideals, the ambitions, and the standards of the community itself.

The End of the Cordon Sanitaire

NOT long ago it was inconspicuously reported that on their way to Genoa the Soviet representatives met at Riga representatives of Latvia, Esthonia, and Poland, and after an incredibly brief discussion, reached an agreement on the chief matters in dispute among them and the policies to be pursued at Genoa. Somewhat earlier Dr. Benes, Prime Minister of Czecho-Slovakia and leading spirit in the Little Entente, comprising Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia and Rumania, argued vigorously in press interviews for the complete and definitive opening of the door into Russia. He left no room for doubt that he would support a policy of reconciliation with Russia.

Thus from the Gulf of Finland to the Black Sea the neighbors of Russia are now disposed to come to terms with the Soviet government. They think they can manage to live at peace with Russia. What then becomes of the Cordon Sanitaire, the row of border states that, with French support and under French tutelage, were gradually to choke Soviet Russia to death and prepare the soil for imperial restoration? It is disintegrating. Is it to leave a vacuum, or is a new policy gradually taking form in Eastern Europe, a policy bearing heavily upon the fortunes and the diplomacy of France, England and Germany? The question is

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worth reflection. Europe is a chaos, but it is time that we should catch at least fleeting glimpses of the new order that is emerging.

When the peace treaties were signed the future of the states bordering on Russia was wholly uncertain. The northern series was sandwiched in between a hostile Germany, desperately wounded but still menacing, and a Soviet Russia that gave many signs of increasing militancy. The southern series was weakened by internal dissensions, by Hungarian and Bulgarian hostility, and exposed to Soviet militancy, which was prepared to make terms with the Magyars and Bulgarians and the oppressed minorities scattered all through the succession states. Naturally they turned to France, as the one power that could be counted on to fall upon Germany if Teuton militarism again raised its head, and to oppose any westward movement of the Soviet armies. And French assistance was invaluable to them at the time of the Russian offensive against Poland. There is no telling how much farther the Russians might have gone if they had taken Warsaw. If national policies were ever based upon gratitude, all the states bordering on Russia ought to remain pro-French. But that is not the way with national policies. They are egoistic, and change with the winds of circumstance. Not the events of 1918, but the conditions of 1922 and the present economic and political tendencies of Eastern Europe are shaping the policies of the border states.

They are no longer nervous about communistic militancy. Russian communism has retreated on the economic front. The whole tendency of Russian economic development is away from communistic industrialism and in the direction of peasant democracy. The Soviet government has made its adjustments. It would prefer to govern in a communistic state, but in any event, it means to govern. It can hold its power, apparently, for a long time, provided it does not place too heavy a strain upon the people. But there is no conjuring up a militant spirit in behalf of a communistic system which has to effect retreat after retreat. The Russian peasant would no doubt resist invasion, but he would prove a most unwilling and incompetent combatant in a war of aggression, which would be absolutely meaningless from the point of view of peasant democracy.

If the Bolsheviki wish to remain in power, they must avoid wars of aggression. Accordingly the border states have good reason to be content with the present régime in Russia, so far as the military situation is concerned. It is much safer than Russia under a constitutional monarchy, which might gradually resurrect the old expansionist ambitions. Nor have the border states such strong reasons for being dissatisfied with economic tendencies under the Bolsheviki as might at first appear.

There has been much talk of the restoration of Russian industry under some scheme of concessions that would draw British, American and German capital into Russia. Does anyone really expect an extensive influx of such capital? Where great natural resources are to be exploited, foreign capital may take the risk, in the hope of rich profits. But actually to enter the Russian cities, with a view to running factories under Soviet conditions in competition with importing concerns—that is a great deal to expect of capital. No: the industrial prospects of Russia are not bright, whatever concessions the Soviet government may be willing to grant. Russian economic recovery is pretty certain to follow the line of developing the export of cereals and other products of the soil and the importation of industrial products.

Now, where are the industrial products to come from? For a long period after the war most economists assumed that Germany alone was competent to supply Russia with such products and thus to set Russian agricultural production in motion. That was clearly the assumption that underlay the German-Russian policy of Lloyd George, down to the Cannes Conference. The restoration of Russian exports and imports was vital to British commerce. The Germans knew how to do business with Russia; the British did not. Therefore Lloyd George was in favor of giving Germany a chance, even though that meant restoring England's most formidable commercial rival.

But for many months the Czecho-Slovaks and the Poles have been arguing vociferously that not Germany, but themselves, should be entrusted with the job of rehabilitating Russian commerce. Czecho-Slovakia is already possessed of a flourishing industrialism, capable of great expansion, if the market can be found. Poland was rapidly developing industry before the war. Polish industry was put out of commission by the invasions during the war and by the political and financial disorders of the years following. But Poland has a good share of the Silesian coal, and at least vigorous nuclei of industrial development. Suppose that the British were to supply capital, as they did before the war, why should not Polish industry go up, by leaps and bounds? Is Poland lacking in highly skilled labor? Perhaps; but across the border in Germany is the finest body of skilled labor in Europe, miserably paid, hopeless, half cosmopolitanized by the humiliations their country has suffered. There was no difficulty in drawing German managers, foremen and technicians to

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Lodz in Russian Poland before the war. There would be less difficulty now.

As the far seeing statesmen of Czecho-Slovakia and Poland view it, the future of the border states is to serve as an industrial, not a sanitary cordon, supplying the great peasant democracy of Russia —or federation of peasant democracies—with industrial products, taking in exchange cereals and other agricultural products for sale in England, to cover imports of cotton, wool, copper and other raw materials needed by the border state industries. If such a trading circle could be completed, Germany would be out of it, as completely out of the current of world commerce as Italy was when trade with the Orient abandoned the Mediterranean for the Cape of Good Hope route. The centre of European industrialism would be shifted far to the eastward, to the lasting relief of England. Lloyd George may not see this, but he is supposed to have an uncanny capacity for getting a sense of things he does not yet see. Does something of the kind explain his sacrifice of German interests to East European interests in the Genoa program?

England has everything to gain and nothing to lose by the new economic-political combinations that are being effected in Eastern Europe. But how about the Russians? The Soviet leaders know that the interchange of agricultural and industrial products must be resumed if their government is to survive. They know that for a time at least they must draw the industrial products from abroad, and that this process involves an extensive penetration of foreign traders into the body of Russian life. The Stinnes proposals taught them what German commercial penetration would mean. Those proposals were tantamount to transforming Russia, economically, into a German colony. The restoration of German industrial nationalism that went with the scheme made the menace of eventual German domination more serious. There is no such menace inherent in the industrialism of Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. Those states will remain essentially weak, and dependent both economically and politically upon their great eastern neighbor. As for the disintegration of German life that such a policy would involve, if successful—could anything be more welcome to the Soviet authorities, as revolutionaries? Millions of Germans would be forced to emigrate to Poland, the Ukraine and Siberia, to strengthen the cosmopolitan tendencies of the revolution and to improve its economic structure. World economy would no doubt remain depressed through a decade while the readjustments were being made. But that would be one of the least cares of the Soviet authorities.

France would hardly fall in with such a policy without regret. It would put an end to the French dream of a military hegemony of Europe. The ideal of an imperial Russia, restored by French policy and bound to France by a perpetual alliance, would have to be abandoned. But the policy would transform Germany from a nightmare of revenge into a passive buffer state. It would offer a safe field for French capital in developing border state industry, and would improve French chances of realizing on investments in Russia. Certainly the balance of advantage would lie on the side of supporting such an East-European policy as we have outlined.

We do not assert that such a policy is actually shaping. We do not predict that it will be carried through, even if the statesmen are actively at work on it. In every European state domestic politics is in a disturbed condition and no government can count on remaining in power long enough to realize on all its schemes. We submit, however, that a desire to keep Germany down does undoubtedly animate the policies of France, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, and that Russia and England would see the recovery of Germany not without misgivings. If it is practicable to substitute border state industrialism for German, there is not one of the states which hold power of life and death over Germany, by virtue of the Treaty of Versailles, that would not seize upon the chance to do it. The policy would amount to a conspiracy to put to death one of the most powerful and civilized of the states of Europe. From the point of view of morality it would be execrable. But our speculations lie in the field of diplomacy. And diplomacy does not wear mourning for Carthages destroyed.

How to Get Coal Facts

THE centre of the coal strike is Washington. The public hearings of the House Committee on Labor are extracting some information and missing much. By their failure to ask intelligent questions, the congressmen revealed the existing incapacity of the political mind to deal with an industrial crisis. They called in informed witnesses and dismissed them, untapped. If Mr. Lewis of the miners had cross-examined Mr. Ogle of the operators, facts on the owners' drive against the union would have tumbled out. If Mr. Ogle had questioned Mr. Lewis, the squabbles in the central competitive field would have been exposed. But that confrontation of the real interests at issue was not possible in a House Committee

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which is neither a frankly industrial body nor a group of experts. So various witnesses appeared, discharged a prepared statement and answered skilfully a few feeble questions, which were put for the purpose of soothing the home constituencies of the congressional questioners. The Senate and House inquiries have shown how not to get the facts.

And yet in spite of the futility, something of value trickled through with the appearance of Mr. Watkins and Mr. Brophy. T. H. Watkins, president of the Pennsylvania Coal and Coke Company, and spokesman for the Central Coal Association of Pennsylvania, suggested a commission of "outstanding public citizens." Later he termed them "well-known and unbiased citizens." He offered to the House Committee and the nation these contributions to industrial peace—abolition of the check-off, a wage reduction, district agreements in place of agreements based on the central competitive field as the wage-fixing standard for the industry. Such changes would mean breaking the national union into twenty-five district unions. A union in a basic industry is not a union unless it is national. As if realizing that his proposals in this crisis are at least irritating, Mr. Watkins said, "I have no solution, and I am not offering any solution."

John Brophy had a solution. He offered it as President of District Two of the United Mine Workers of America, and Chairman of the Nationalization Research Committee created by the miners in their 1921 Convention, and appointed by President Lewis.

The point of the miners' plan is that instead of a scratch committee of good-natured congressmen or of "well-known and unbiased citizens," a group of men who know something about coal should be picked, men representing the entire industry, operators and miners, union and non-union, of divergent views. Impartiality in a controversy of economic interests is a rare and dubious trait. Observations from the two polar points of partiality offer at least a working method of charting the course.

But the miners do not rest their case on this disputable emergency commission. Their real plea is for the permanent federal fact-finding agency. In support of it they presented to the House Committee and published for the public a pamphlet on Compulsory Information in Coal—A Fact Finding Agency. What facts are needed is now a matter of public awareness. The contribution of the pamphlet is in how to get them. It suggests compulsory powers for the existing government agencies concerned with coal, and an extension of their field of inquiry.

The critic above the controversy will find certain limitations in "Compulsory Information." He will find President Lewis of the miners quoted as an advocate for facts. But has President Lewis declared his support of this plan of his Research Committee? Has he made his attitude clear on any of the broader program of his rank and file? Again, the pamphlet does not sufficiently emphasize the seasonal difficulty of coal, and the need of investigating the potentialities of storage. There are problems here—one technical, and the other financial. The pamphlet is almost barren in recognition of the matter most interesting to engineers—the vast possibilities of the organization of production, distribution and consumption of coal. The long reaches of the "multiple product" are untouched. Coal passes on into super-power, and engineering plans are already throwing out an interstate network. Here is a chance to advance the idea of a national industry, unified, and assuming all the rights of a federal public utility at one stroke. Will the miners continue to picture their union as untransformed by this "white revolution"? Do they think the industry will remain a black mess, over-manned and wastefully used, when the essence of coal is squeezed out at the mine-head and piped and wired to the cities? Mining methods are not dealt with, and yet every miner knows the average management gives him a poor organization of underground transportation and work. Finally, the pamphlet assumes that facts are all. But when the facts are coming in a continuous stream, the immediate need will then be for an administrative plan, which will release the imagination of technicians, evoke the good will of miners, and provide a steady supply of coal at a proper price to the public.

We trust some group of technicians will write the supplement to this pamphlet. Until they do it, "Compulsory Information" stands as the challenge of the miners to the present misgovernment of coal. It is a demand not for destruction, but for light.

The danger now in Washington is hasty legislation without the facts, and without a permanent fact-finding agency. Our politicians are worried by the coming congressional elections. Their jumpy minds swing from ignorant indifference to fussy activity. If these nervous legislators wish to rise to an effort of statesmanship, it will require expert aid, the use of men with inquisitorial skill. It is important that questions on coal shall be asked by engineers, geological technicians, accountants, miners and operators. At this moment it is not mine control that is needed: it is fact control. Then let remedies follow on the continuous show-

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ing of the facts. The first step is an emergency conference of those engaged in the coal industry. The larger step is the creation of a permanent federal fact finding agency. For the useful consideration just now is not how to destroy the United Mine Workers of America, nor how to nationalize the industry. It is how to get the facts, and keep on getting them. Settling the strike with a little patch-work will not cure the maladies of coal. Those maladies are over-development (several thousand too many mines, 150,000 too many miners), intermittent demand and operation, car shortage, unemployment, speculation, waste.

Interesting remedies have been proposed:—the daring semi-socialistic measure of the New York Herald for pooling costs by consolidating the mines of the country into half a dozen groups; the limitation of number of mines; the extension of storage suggested by certain experts; the penalty for the pyramiding of prices in brokerage resales suggested by several senators.

But no remedy can be devised, nor wisely applied, nor its results tested continuously, until there is in existence a fact-finding agency. It is here that the thinking of the miners is more cool and sane than the newspaper impulse to punish the operators by limiting their power, and more patiently exacting than opinions of congressmen wooing popularity for the next election. The miners have shown the way to get the facts. Will the public respond? Will the government act?

Genius by the Foot-Pound

JUST how much did Aeschylus mean to you day before yesterday? How many times and how hard will you think of Lorenzo de Medici next Tuesday? Ought one to admire Browning nowadays, and if so, to what extent as compared with Eugene O'Neill? These and other vexed problems regarding great men past and present have at last been solved by that obliging journal of the mode, Vanity Fair. Realizing that some of its avid readers might be wringing their hands in despair over the respective merits of Goethe and Elinor Glyn, Al Jolson and Joan of Arc, this periodical invited ten of the younger generation of critics to record, once and forever, the proper values to be assigned to two hundred and one famous persons, the list being more or less evenly divided between the past and the present. Immortals and semi's are listed and set opposite every name are the ratings given by The Ten, and the average. As Vanity Fair explains:

> The critics have been requested to assign to each [name] its absolute value—in the critic's own scheme of things. The names are marked on a scale ranging between plus twenty-five and minus twenty-five, the former signifying the most complete approval, and the latter utter condemnation. A zero mark means that the critic feels, in this connection, either complete indifference or else complete lack of familiarity with the subject.

If the smartest of our monthlies were also the most expert in statistical matters, it would have observed that the inclusion of such zeroes in an average is unfair. It gives the man on the plus side of the scale less credit than he deserves on the votes of those members of the jury who know something about him. It is too kind to the man on the minus side, giving him a smaller digit on the descending scale.

But this is a minor flaw in a piece of work in general utterly delightful in letting us know just what we ought to think about a large proportion of all the people in history worth thinking about at all. What a comfort it is to know that Cicero is just one-third as deserving of fame as Irving Berlin, one fourth as much as Oscar Wilde! One is a bit surprised of course to find Martin Luther given as high a rating as Floyd Dell; Luther has been dead a long time and the modern critic works far too fast keeping up with the Niagara of print to stop and poke about for historical facts. After all, Martin's chief usefulness at an Algonquin dinner would be as a subject for remarks about going out in the garden for a Diet of Worms. One is not so startled to note that St. Augustine, Lenin and Douglas Fairbanks all come out with just the same standing, until one learns that that standing is exactly zero. Flo Ziegfeld is undoubtedly deserving of his place on an equal footing with Frederick the Great; when one comes to think of it, Flo is something of a general, too, though he selects his army for other virtues than height. A few archaics will object to requiring John V. A. Weaver and William Wordsworth to share one pedestal, but Lord Tennyson—if Margot's memory may be trusted—would be the last to object to dividing his throne with Marilynn Miller. Here is a sop for the conservative, too, in the fact that Shakespeare is at the head of the list, scoring 22.4 out of a possible 25. He is followed, in descending order, by

> Goethe, Anatole France, Beethoven, Nietzsche, Wagner, Leonardo da Vinci, Charlie Chaplin, Flaubert, Aristotle, Plato, George Washington, Voltaire and Walt Whitman.

At the bottom of the list is Billy Sunday, who managed to score minus 21.8. John S. Sumner of the Society for the Suppression of Vice comes next —*all our critics are very fierce and stern about* suppression—and in ascending scale are

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> Nicholas Murray Butler, Coningsby Dawson, Henry Cabot Lodge, Dr. Frank Crane, Henry Van Dyke, Robert W. Chambers, Blasco Ibañez, Howard Chandler Christy, Elinor Glyn, W. J. Bryan, Lord Northcliffe, the New York Tribune and Theodore Roosevelt.

One observes that of the fifteen persons at the top of the list, all but two are dead. Of the two, one is Anatole France, who has been prematurely sainted by the young radicals; the other is Charlie Chaplin, to admire whom has become the Right Thing in smart critical circles; it shows you are In the Know. Of the fourteen persons at the bottom of the list only one is dead, Theodore Roosevelt, who owes his subordination to Messrs. H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, Edmund Wilson, Jr., and Willard Huntington Wright. The critic is thus seen to remain for the most part discreetly respectful to those whom he was taught in his youth to venerate. An ill-mannered observer could say that he reserves his castigation for his contemporaries, for those who might, if he could break away from the inhibitions which make him a critic, be competitors of his own. Of the 201, fifty-six come out with averages on the minus side. The unfortunates who could not muster even as much as zero range from St. Paul to Woodrow Wilson, and include, among others,

> De Valera, W. G. Harding, St. Bernard, O. Henry, Lloyd George, Ruskin, Frederick Watts and Walter Scott.

Babe Ruth is also in the unhappy minus category in spite of being given the same rating as Shakespeare by Heywood Broun, Henry McBride and Burton Rascoe. Mr. Broun shows himself a kindly soul, giving minus ratings to only fourteen persons out of 201, as against the average of fifty-six, or the sixty-four of austere Mr. Gilbert Seldes of the Dial. Individual variations among the critics are of course to be found all through this "logarithm table of greatness." Taking ten names out of the list at random, and adding up all the plus ratings of each critic, we discover that they range from the lavish 107 of Mr. Deems Taylor to the twenty-two of H. L. Mencken, a veritable miser of digits. Mr. Nathan refutes his reputation for astringency with an eighty-eight, and Mr. Broun's fifty-six comes close to the average of 55.2.

The table is in general a remarkable revelation, not of the criticized, but of the critics. When Mr. Broun gives zero to Beethoven, zero to Brahms, zero to John Alden Carpenter and Edward McDowell, he merely says—as he has a perfect right to—that he is not interested in music. One could write a biography of Mr. Taylor from his confession of ignorance of, or indifference to

> Cicero, Sam Gompers, W. G. Harding, Lloyd George, Walter Pater, Racine, Theodore Roosevelt, Titian and Tolstoi

and an even more complete one of George Jean Nathan who gives plus twenty-five to

> Bach, Beethoven, Goethe, Sappho, Shakespeare and George Washington,

minus twenty-five to

> St. Bernard, Maxwell Bodenheim, Robert W. Chambers, Dr. Frank Crane, Samuel Gompers, Blasco Ibañez, Krazy Kat, Mlle. Lenglen, Lenin, Eli Nadelman, Babe Ruth, Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle and Billy Sunday

and zero to

> H. L. Mencken, Henry Adams, Bertrand Russell, James Fenimore Cooper, Mary Pickford, De Valera, St. Paul, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Erasmus, Benjamin Franklin and Marshal Foch.

Perhaps most interesting of all the critical judgments is that which assigns exactly equal places to Dr. Johnson and to Krazy Kat. Dr. Johnson and Krazy Kat! It would make a not bad epitaph for the grave of much modern thinking . . . . . Closely studied, the table horribly shakes one's faith in the individual critic; the esimates vary so much that if any one is right, the rest must be dreadfully wrong. Yet as we have seen, the averages come out in a surprisingly conventional arrangement of famous names. Moreover, this immortal logarithm table gives less evidence of the existence of a critical "cheering squad" than might have been supposed; the often repeated charge that a claque exists for the aid of one's friends and others who share one's ideas, is not supported by the ballots.—Or have these young men, secretly conscious of an inward bias, been at pains to joggle the kaleidoscope and conceal the pattern?

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The Menace of the Little Entente

WHEN the Geno[illegible]nference was announced, pec[illegible]v a long breath, and saw for th[illegible]ime a movement toward real reconstructi[illegible]n Europe based upon reconciliation. Now it [illegible]ems that Mars rather than Minerva will preside over the conference.

The whole aspect of Genoa has changed by the emergence of the Little Entente into something closely resembling a Great Power, and pledged, if we read all signs aright, to a ruthless enforcement of the treaties. The Little Entente was originally brought together by the fear of Hungary; specifically, of Hungarian irredentism, and of the restoration of the Hapsburg monarchy. It has consisted of Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia and Rumania, all of whom received large slices of territory from Hungary by the provisions of the Treaty of Trianon. In 1920, soon after its origin, Italy, through the Treaty of Rapallo, put herself in a position of sympathy with its aims. This sympathy persisted until after the coming into office of Marquis Della Toretta, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, when Italy's policy began to change. Since the summer of 1921 East Europe has been the scene of a sharp conflict between Italian and Little Entente policies, a conflict in which, for the moment, the Little Entente is victorious.

THE BURGENLAND DISPUTE

The conflict between Italy and the Little Entente was first clearly defined at the time of the Burgenland dispute in September. Austria, by the terms of the Treaty of Trianon, had been ceded a strip of Hungarian territory, called West Hungary, or, by the Austrians, The Burgenland. It had never been delivered to Austria, until in the late summer of 1921 the Entente undertook to hand it over. This attempt met resistance from a few thousand Hungarian bandits, who effectually repulsed the Austrian gendarmerie. In the following diplomatic negotiations Austria was backed by the Little Entente whereas Italy plainly took Hungary's side. Italy was responsible for the calling of the conference at Venice between Austria and Hungary, which resulted in a compromise, Austria winning the bulk of the agricultural territory of the Burgenland, but Hungary after a plebiscite retaining the chief industrial city, Oedenburg, and its environs. This was the first open revision of the territorial clauses of any of the treaties, to favor an ex-enemy country.

THE REASONS FOR ITALY'S CHANGE OF POLICY

It was quite clear why Italy favored Hungary in this situation. The Little Entente has always been better able to manage Austria than Hungary because of Austria's far more desperate situation. Also, Czecho-Slovakia had in her hands a secret treaty concluded with the former socialist premier, Mr. Renner, which permitted Czechs and Jugoslavs to make a corridor of communication across Austrian territory. The Burgenland lay in the path of this tentative corridor, and Austria's acquisition of it would clear the path straight through. To this welding together of the two Slavic nations Italy was opposed, because the old fear of a Slav and Adriatic domination still perturbs her, and this fear has been greatly augmented by her difficulties with Jugoslavia over the questions of Albania and the Dalmatian coast ports. Italy, on the contrary, wanted to bring the non-Slav nations, Hungary and Rumania, into one block.

The settlement of the Burgenland question was clearly a triumph for Italy. A month later, at the time of the Karlist coup, Italy was largely responsible for averting Little Entente interference in Hungary, and Rumania's singular quietude, while all the rest of the Little Entente mobilized, was attributed to Italian influence.

Italy's political ascendancy was also marked by the rise of a new policy in Hungary—that of cooperation with the hitherto despised Rumanians, and a not inconsiderable group in Hungary began to put out feelers in the direction of a personal alliance of the two nations under the Rumanian king.

RUMANIA'S DOUBLE GAME

But Rumania is always a bad country to count on. Early in the winter, Take Jonescu, then Rumanian foreign minister, afterward premier, apparently began to have doubts of Italy's strength as an ally. His first blow to Italian policy was the conclusion of a military treaty between Rumania and Greece. Take Jonescu is a diplomat of the old school. Unlike his colleague, Mr. Benes, the Czech premier, who adopts the modern diplomatic methods of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Jonescu believes in dynastic diplomacy and military conventions. The Greek-Rumanian military alliance was preceded by the marriage of the Crown Prince of Greece to Elizabeth, Princess of Rumania. The

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Greek betrothal was shortly thereafter followed by the announcement of the engagement of King Alexander of Jugoslavia to the beautiful princess Mariora, the other daughter of King Ferdinand. This engagement was likewise accompanied by a military treaty. Thus did Rumania disappoint the hopes of Italy, fortify her connections with the Little Entente through Jugoslavia, and bring the Little Entente an indirect ally, in Greece.

THE TREATY WITH AUSTRIA AND THE RAPPROCHEMENT WITH POLAND

Meanwhile Benes, through the Treaty of Lana, concluded in mid-December, brought Austria within the Little Entente circle, if not as an actual member, as an ally. The Lana agreement secured from Austria the pledge, first, to execute "all stipulations of the two treaties (St. Germain and Trianon) to full extent; second, to observe neutrality in case Czecho-Slovakia were attacked; third, not to tolerate anti-Czech irredentist organizations on Austrian territory. The Lana treaty was unexpected in Italy and created consternation there.

The last triumph of the Little Entente is the adherence of Poland. On January 23rd Little Entente representatives met together with the Polish minister in Bucharest, in order to discuss a program for the Genoa Conference, which they determined to enter as a block. It was even reported that Poland had joined the Little Entente, which was to be called "The Quadruple Alliance." This was denied by the Polish foreign minister, who nevertheless affirmed that both politically and economically Poland would stand with the Little Entente at Genoa, preserving independence for specifically Polish interests. Economic and political conferences between Poland and the Little Entente have been planned to precede the Genoa meeting.

IS THERE AN AGREEMENT WITH FRANCE?

The thunderbolt which the Little Entente had reserved to hurl was an agreement with France. The Quai D'Orsay has denied that Mr. Benes' pourparlers with France late in January resulted in the conclusion of a military pact, as was reported, under the terms of which France agreed to defend the new East-European states against irredentist aggression in return for Little Entente support in enforcing the Treaty of Versailles.

The denial does not dissipate the conviction, among those who most keenly watch the situation, that whether in the form of a treaty, or whether simply by verbal understanding, Mr. Benes, speaking for the Little Entente, has agreed with France to these ends. The idea of such an agreement has long existed. Back in March 23, 1921, The Berliner Tageblatt, for example, reported that a defensive alliance between Czecho-Slovakia and France had been concluded in respect of (1) monarchist putsches, (2) Bolshevik upheavals, (3) partial union of Austria with Germany; in each case France to support the Czechs, and the Czechs, as a return, to support the Versailles Treaty and its enforcement. The Berliner Tageblatt anticipated the agreement, for a year ago there was a very strong pro-Hungarian, even pro-Hapsburg element represented at the Quai D'Orsay—M. Paleologue, and his confrères. But since the tutelage of Hungary by Italy pro-Hungarian feeling in France has diminished and Mr. Benes appearing now in Paris comes with a proposal of far more powerful cooperation than any nation or group of nations in East Europe can offer. Mr. Benes has, no doubt, converted M. Poincaré to a more tolerant attitude toward Russia in return for a guarantee of intransigeant support for the execution of the Treaty of Versailles.

THE MILITARY STRENGTH OF FRANCE AND THE LITTLE ENTENTE

If France and the Little Entente stand together, a new, and appallingly strong military power has been created in Europe.

Consider that before the war, the standing armies of Germany and Austro-Hungary together —the military system which precipitated the war— numbered only half a million men. The combined armies of France and the Little Entente today, the actual number of men in arms, is hardly less than one and three-quarters millions! Jugoslavia, that Balkan country whose very name is hardly yet familiar to West Europeans, has an army of 100,000 more men than France, if the French black troops be counted out.

Moreover, the Treaty of Versailles is no more likely—no, not so likely, at this moment, to precipitate a conflagration as the Treaty of Trianon. Both the attitude of the Little Entente, and the attitude of Hungary are inimical to peace; Germany will go a long way to prevent occupation, but Hungary fairly invites it.

A democratic consolidation in Hungary, which would have at least temporarily renounced the irredentist propaganda, postponing settlement to a more favorable day (for no single element in all Hungary, even democratic or liberal, is prepared to accept as permanent the present boundaries), would have done much to assure peace. But no such consolidation has taken place and no more democratic régime is in sight. For this the Great

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Entente should receive its share of blame, for neither the representatives of England nor for that matter of America—leaving out of consideration France and Italy—have raised a finger to help in a more democratic order. Quite the contrary is true. The new electoral edict, issued by the government in late January, is a long step backward in reaction, for by abolishing secrecy in elections it fairly issues an invitation to terrorism. Mr. Benes and Mr. Pasitch are absolutely determined not to treat with the Horthy government. The Horthy government indicates in this new electoral law that it means to take the most drastic steps, if necessary, to perpetuate itself in power. The Little Entente, in the minds of the leaders, already possesses sufficient excuse for intervention, and Hungary will probably, in the next months, furnish still further excuse. The result will be first, probably, an economic blockade of Hungary; then military action—if necessary, to win the important high road between the various capitals of the countries of the Little Entente.

MR. BENES' DILEMMA

Mr. Benes, who above all others must be held responsible for the new course events have taken, since his have been the brains and his the organizing ability which have brought matters thus far, is in a dilemma. He is a liberal, a democrat, and above all, a realist. The end which he hopes ultimately to obtain—a federation of Central-Southeast European states—is, in the opinion of most of us, the single hope for all these countries. But such an end can be peaceably realized only by compromises on every hand, and Mr. Benes is not, first of all, working for the peace and consolidation of East Europe. He is first of all working for Czecho-Slovakia. As a jingo-patriot, then, Mr. Benes must see that the treaties are enforced, for the very existence of his country is the work of a treaty.

There is no Czecho-Slovakia otherwise. There is no Czecho-Slovak nation. This state is a conglomeration. It faces the same questions of assimilation which rent apart the old Austro-Hungarian empire, for five nationalities are incorporated within its frontiers. These nationalities have not been given "home rule"—neither here nor in Jugoslavia. The central government attempts to hold them by the same methods used in the days of the empire. The old empire, however, had tradition to sustain it. Czecho-Slovakia has only the Treaty.

So this is Mr. Benes' dilemma: To make a federation and to maintain the treaties. But the ideas cannot be harmonized except by the employment of force. For the voluntary association of the free states of South-east Europe is impossible except with a revision of the treaties—of St. Germain and Trianon.

The new military power, even in its nascent state, is threatened by internal illness. Jugoslavia is not only touchy toward her enemies. She is suspicious of her friends. Already Mr. Benes' predominance in common councils has brought out jealousies. The Tribuna, the official newspaper of the foreign office, in Belgrade, is alarmed about Czech predominance in the Little Entente and asserts that Jugoslavia's specific interests in the Genoa Conference ought to be safeguarded. She demands to know why the premiers should hold their next conference in Czecho-Slovakia. Why not in Belgrade? However, we are not surprised to learn that the conference will be in Bratislava.

Meanwhile, the Bonomi Cabinet has fallen in Italy. The new alliances in the Balkans are no doubt, in large measure, responsible. The Giolitti policy is again in the saddle, and Italy, it appears, must fall in nolens volens with the Little Entente.

What will the result be? One can only count for hopes on the shifting of events from day to day. But if the new alliance persists, and the state of affairs in Hungary does not radically change, one need not be an alarmist to be seriously alarmed.

D. THOMPSON and M. W. FODOR.

John H. Madden—Whoever He May Be

THE 1921 Who's Who does not contain the name of John H. Madden. Perhaps the 1922 edition will be equally deficient. But that is about the limit of obscurity that I will allow Mr. Madden. I don't know him—never heard of him—but he's gone and done something, and if he has any abiding interest in his home (if New York folks have homes) and fireside (if New York folks have firesides) and children (if New York folks have children) he might just as well wave it an affectionate and regretful farewell. They will not be for him in the future.

Whoever he may have been up to the present, he is now the chief engineer of the New York Transit Commission, which is trying to work out something constructive from the maze and jumble of New York's forty traction properties. And he made a report the latter part of February, 1922, stating what he considered to be the fair basis of

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evaluating these traction properties. And his idea of a fair basis of value for these properties was the original investment in the properties minus the amount of money that it would take to put the property in first-class operating condition—or in the language of the public utility trade (profession?) the value which he says is the fairest is "original cost, depreciated."

Now that may not sound to you like much of a pronouncement, but it is. Coming as it does from the chief engineer of the most important public utility regulating body in the country, it has struck terror in the councils of all utility operators. The unauthentic but often mentioned lamentations of one Job sound like the cheery chorus of an ante-prohibition band of roisterers, in comparison with their remarks. This decision, announcing this basis of value for utility properties, is an attack on the sacredness of property, they say; it is confiscation, depreciation, robbery, homicide, infanticide, and most likely much worse. No telling what a court will do to that theory and that man, they suggest. If he keeps up this kind of talk both the man and the theory may be convicted of something and hung and beheaded and drawn and quartered and put in jail 'en fined 'en everything!

God bless us, what for? Because he has the temerity to say, right out loud, just like that, that the measure of the value of utility property, should be the actual amount of money invested as modified by its present run-down or depreciated condition.

Now if that is a crime, Mr. John H. Madden is guilty, for that's about what he said.

In his report he made three valuations of the same properties on three different unit cost bases:

1. Actual or estimated original cost.
2. Reproduction new in pre-war period, 1910-1914.
3. Reproduction cost new, January to July 1921.

Eliminating the city's investments in Interborough Rapid Transit, contracts 1, 2 and 3, and in Brooklyn Rapid Transit, contract 4, his estimate of the value of properties on the above bases is as follows:

	1921 PRICES	1910-14 PRICES	ORIGINAL COST
Grand total, appraised value—all companies	$794,109,420	$564,094,198	$541,638,118

From each of these totals he subtracted the accrued depreciation, leaving the *present* value of the properties on each base as follows:

	1921 PRICES	1910-14 PRICES	ORIGINAL COST
Grand total, depreciated value—all companies	$593,078,009	$452,374,451	$438,620,065

And he concludes as follows:

> After a full consideration of all the facts as developed by the present investigation and bearing in mind that the plan under which the Commission is operating contemplates the acquisition of the property, it is our conclusion that a fair valuation for the existing property of companies (other than that included under Contracts 1, 2, 3 and 4 and their Related Certificates) would consist in allowing the original cost less the expenditures necessary to put the property in first-class operating condition.

In other words, he states that, in his opinion, the fair valuation is $438,620,065—the original cost depreciated, which is only about fifty-five per cent of the undepreciated value arrived at by using 1921 unit prices—$794,109,420.

Undoubtedly utility operators are afraid that this "dangerous doctrine" will spread. And in proportion as these gentlemen are alarmed the public should rejoice. But the trouble is that the public doesn't understand the significance of this announcement as well as the operators do. The public only thinks about it once in a blue moon when they add an extra penny to the old customary five-cent fare. And the utility folks think about it all the time. And they have on their side most of the accounting, engineering and legal talent of the country to aid them in insisting upon their particular point of view. But slow as it is, if the dear old public once does get the right idea fixed in its or their mind or minds, that idea is there to stay. And a pronouncement like this one of Madden gives the public side of utility controversies a chance to gain and perhaps consolidate a position.

Why all of the hullabaloo about this thing? Because of its far-reaching consequences in the utility field. If this original investment theory of value sticks before courts and public service commissions, the utilities will not be able to support the excessive valuations for their properties that they are now claiming, and present war time rates will have to be reduced, in line with other falling costs. If this Madden basis of value is defeated, the rates can still remain at the present level through the process of an inflation of value, the decreased operating cost incident to a generally falling market being offset by an increased interest charge on the so-called value of the property.

Here is a simple illustration that shows how the necromancy works: Generally speaking, public utilities under the statutes of the several states are permitted to charge such rates as will pay (1) operating costs, (2) taxes, (3) a proper annual allowance for depreciation of the property dedicated to a public use; and (4) a fair return on the

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fair value of such property. During the war and post-war two years, rates were screwed up because of the heavy increase in the first item, operating costs. This item is tumbling every day, and present rates cannot continue unless some other allowable charge is increased to make up for the decrease in operating costs, so that the sum total of allowable charges will remain about the same.

An example. Suppose, in the peak cost year of 1920, a certain utility was given such rates as would meet requirements of $310,000, necessitated as follows:

Operating expenses	$200,000
Taxes	10,000
Depreciation	30,000
Return on investment (7 percent on $1,000,000 value)	70,000
Total of allowable charges and the amount which the rates must produce	$310,000

The same rates in 1922 will produce the same revenue. But meantime operating costs have decreased $70,000. This same $310,000 will be expended as follows:

Operating expenses	$130,000
Taxes	10,000
Depreciation	30,000
Return of *14 percent* on investment, $1,000,000	140,000
Total	$310,000

Under the same rates, therefore, the utility is now making fourteen percent on the investment instead of the reasonable and fair seven percent.

The regulatory body makes the calculation in a case, and seeing the excessive return, reduces the rate. This the public spirited citizens think to be a bad precedent, and look for some way to obviate in the future such a terrible thing as a rate reduction.

They raise the question of the value of the property. It has always been too low, they say. It is too low now. We shall bring in our expert engineers to prove that the value heretofore arrived at is too low and should be raised to, say, two million dollars. The same property, mind you, but magically by expert testimony it was doubled. The cost remains the same, the amount invested remains the same, but the value is doubled. Hence the rates to consumers must not be decreased, because the total requirements are the same as they were in 1920. And to prove it they submit the following table of requirements:

Operating expenses—1922	$130,000
Taxes—Same as 1920	10,000
Depreciation—Same as 1920	30,000
Return on investment (7 percent on *$2,000,000*)	140,000
Total allowable charges and the amount which the rates must produce	$310,000

And there we are back to our old $310,000 figure of requirements and the continuance of war time rates, despite the slash of $70,000 in operating expenses!

It is all very simple: all one has to do is to reconstruct the theory of value, get the allowable or fair value doubled, and the rates remain the same.

And not only that, but if the fair value is doubled, the securities—stocks, bonds and notes—may be doubled, and investment actually created out of thin air.

How is this added investment to be created out of thin air? By the very simple process of obtaining a re-valuation of the properties, so that the new valuation will reflect the cost of labor and materials during the war and post-war period.

I have in mind a certain property, the entire investment in which from the time the first spade was struck into the earth up to January 1, 1922, was under six million dollars. It is now in a depreciated condition incident to some twenty years of service and has a depreciated or present condition value of a little more than five millions of dollars. Under the Madden basis, this property would be evaluated for rate making purposes or for purpose of purchase and sale at something above the five million dollar figure.

What would be the value of this identical property under the theories of value urged and insisted upon by utility operators? Anywhere from ten to seventeen millions of dollars, or from five to twelve millions more than the depreciated investment. And they obtain these values by taking the inventory of all items of physical property, and applying to that inventory several different sorts of unit costs. For example, if they apply to that inventory, costs representing prices of labor and material current March 1, 1922, that value will be approximately ten million dollars; if they apply unit costs current in July, 1920, that value will be in excess of fifteen million dollars; if they apply unit costs over an average of the five years 1916-1920, that value will be approximately eleven million dollars.

And mind you, all of these different valuations (and dozens more of such calculated valuations) are on identically the same inventory of property to the minutest item, which property cost approximately six million dollars and is now depreciated. The explanation comes from the fact that most of this property was constructed prior to the year 1916, over a long period of normal cost years. The actual investment reflects normal cost years, and utility operators insist upon building up the value by applying high war cost year unit prices to

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each item in the inventory. They do not go to the grotesque extent of contending that the particular property in question was actually built during the high cost years—everybody knows better than to contend for an absurd position, particularly when such absurdity can easily be checked. What they do contend, however, is that although their property was built for six million dollars during low price years, the fact that later years showed abnormally high costs must be reflected in a highly appreciated value of their own property.

It would not be so bad if the high cost level of 1916 to 1922 were a normal level, reached in the ordinary course of events, and was slightly in excess of the actual cost. But the high value level that they are insisting upon is wholly abnormal, born out of the wholly abnormal and cataclysmic conditions incident to an unparallelled World War, and represents in price trends, not a normally developed curve but an acute hump. The attempt is made to fasten this hump upon the public and to capitalize against the public for all time war-time costs and war-time rates.

The adoption of what Mr. Madden calls the fairest basis of valuation—original cost depreciated—will simply knock that attempt into a cocked hat. And that is where it ought to be knocked. I hope he will stick to it, despite the pressure that will be exerted against him. I hope the New York Transit Commission will adopt his ideas however strong the effort to undermine them. Out here in Indiana those few of us who represent the public in these utility matters, bang away at what we think is right and fair, both to the utility and the public, but it is pretty hard going, though a lot of fun. And we do appreciate good support, such as this Madden report gives us.

Utilities ought to be smart enough to appreciate and agree with this basis of value too. If they don't and if they succeed in forcing their inflated valuation views on to the public in the way of rates, as high or even higher than war-time rates, they will get into a lot of trouble some time. The man who killed the golden egg goose will be considered a marvel of wisdom in comparison to them. But I suppose they will not be able to see more than six inches ahead of their noses, as usual. Heigh-ho!

And now I want to ask you a question in return: Is the Hearst-Hylan opposition to the Madden report due to ignorance or demagogy?

FRED BATES JOHNSON.

Time for France to Speak Frankly

IS it generally realized how exceedingly hard it is for one country to understand thoroughly the viewpoint of another country? The case is stated over and over again by private persons, but it does not penetrate into the consciousness of the rulers themselves, much less into the consciousness of the masses. The masses in France, moreover, are badly served by their newspapers. There is hardly a journal which troubles to explain the real meaning of America's attitude towards France. There is hardly a journal that does not repeat the old clap-trap. I will not stay to ascertain how far the writers are deceiving themselves and how far they are deliberately deceiving their readers. Such psychological analysis can hardly be presented with the proofs in one's hand. But I may certainly declare that, talking as I do to Frenchmen of all classes, I hear little which leads me to believe that many of them have really plucked out the heart of the American mystery.

They want to believe that nothing has really changed. They want to believe that it is only a question of time for America again to take her stand with the victorious countries of Europe. They persist in the belief that all America's actions are determined by mere considerations of tactics, and that there is no fundamental division, as deep and as wide as the Atlantic Ocean, between France and the United States. I have recorded the dismay and the sense of disillusionment that sometimes seize the French. But in spite of all, cheerfulness will keep breaking in. Even when America asked for her milliard marks due for occupational costs, even when America rebuked Europe—that is to say, France—for leaving the immense subjects of land disarmament and budgetary reform out of the agenda of the Genoa Conference, the truth did not really penetrate into the French mind. All sorts of explanations are given. This conduct is sometimes considered to be a mere demonstration against the personality of M. Poincaré, whom Mr. Hughes is supposed not to like and whose situation Mr. Hughes is endeavoring to render difficult and precarious. Or again, it is thought that German propaganda has done its deadly work and that in all this there is a Hidden Hand. If only France reforms her propagandist methods, all will be well. Or, we are only witness-

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ing the effects of some momentary irritation produced by the incredibly stupid behavior of French delegates at Washington. Or once more, the elections in America explain everything and presently all will come out right. Further, America is exercising a little gentle pressure on France for the sake of appearances and her demands need not be taken too seriously. I could multiply the reasons given to infinity, but they would not be found interesting. They are not interesting except as showing the utter incomprehension of the French. Mr. Frank Simonds, whose name is well known in France because he writes in the Paris edition of the New York Herald, did indeed go far to convince the French for a moment when he was in Paris that there were deeper causes, but the effect of his demonstration was not lasting. How could it be? France can see nothing wrong in her policy and in her conceptions and she quickly returns to her accustomed complacency.

And yet it has been cried on the housetops—but not by the responsible authorities who are content to hint—that America is persuaded that Europe is squandering her money on excessive armaments, and that America will not be drawn into entangling alliances with a Europe that is a basket of serpents each trying to get its head above the rest. While the European schism exists, it is apparent that any hope of inducing the United States to take the risk of putting her money on one side or the other must be abandoned. There may be a mixture of motives in America, some of them moral and some of them mercantile—and it is certainly not for me to attempt to unravel them from my observatory in Paris—but at least it is not really difficult to understand even here in Europe the essential truth about America's aloofness provided one detaches from one's mind national prejudices and political pretenses. Unfortunately, the majority of men in France, as in other countries, will not detach these things from their minds. They refuse to look with clear eyes at the reality. They foster their foolish ideas of cunning diplomacy, and imagine that a few Machiavellian manoeuvres will, whenever necessary, suffice to range up America with Europe. It is this reluctance to appreciate each other's viewpoint that makes the task of those who are endeavoring to enlighten opinion in the two continents so heartbreakingly difficult.

It was, therefore, with undiluted pleasure that I heard M. Loucheur, who is after all a realist, insist in a conversation with me on the vital necessity of full frankness. He has himself brought a storm about his ears in trying to tell the truth about France's debts to America. But it is certain that in the long run, whatever may be the immediate consequences, it will be found better to explain without the smallest ambiguity to America precisely what are the prospects of Europe acquitting her debt to America.

Each European country at the present time, almost without exception, owes immense sums of money to another European country, and is in turn the creditor of other European countries. To a large extent, if one takes the whole area of Europe, these debts cancel out, but their existence nevertheless constitutes an intolerable burden which paralyzes the entire continent. France, for example, has a tremendous bill to present to Russia, but Russia on the other hand may make tremendous claims on France—claims disputed, claims unacknowledged, but nevertheless claims which are a stumbling-block to an understanding and a settlement. Germany, although apparently a debtor without being a creditor, still indulges in dreams of making the great Slav nation pay for her—and indeed this was the burden of the Stinnes proposal to Mr. Lloyd George at London.

But then on the top of these internal European debts come the debts of Europe to America. England, for instance, is nominally the creditor of France, of the Balkan countries, of Russia, and of Germany—without any hope of ever recovering what is owing to her—while being the debtor to America. England doubtless supposes that she could in the last resort pay her own debts without having the continental debts paid to her. But in the case of France, according to M. Loucheur, it is more honest to declare at once, not that France does not on some sentimental ground really owe America money which was expended on the common cause, but that, without seeking to repudiate her liabilities, she cannot meet them unless she can first recover her European credits. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander: if it is urged that there is not enough gold in Germany to pay France and that France can only absorb a limited amount of German goods in payment, it can also be urged that as America already possesses more than half the existing gold reserves of the world, France is obviously unable to pay in gold, while as for French goods America would not have them even if they were available. Every European economist and every American economist has long ago realized that the transference of wealth across frontiers in the quantities now glibly mentioned is impossible without the most violent perturbations of industry.

It is unnecessary to insist upon this point: rather my purpose is to emphasize the new

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desire on the part of men like Loucheur to drop pretenses which have been like a curtain hiding us from each other's view. One may ask, of course, why M. Loucheur waited until he was out of office before he said these things which must be ultimately educative. They would come with more force from some daring minister in power who will decide to tell the truth: not until a minister tells the truth will the world believe. It is regrettable that the same franchise is not employed about the reduction, now inevitable, of the German debt. The scheme which is brought forward officially calls for the general cancellation of Allied debts by means of the German C bonds. So far so good. It is perhaps desirable that by no matter what fiction, no matter what needlessly complicated process, these burdens should be lifted. There is, of course, not the smallest necessity to exchange these worthless pieces of paper. If inter-Allied cancellation is the object it can be accomplished merely by declaring it is accomplished, and the transference of German bonds has nothing to do with the case. But mark the sequel to such dealings in these bonds. The bonds themselves, having served in this game of make-believe, would be destroyed. That is to say—one would think that this was plain to the stupidest citizen—that the German debt also is to be cancelled to the extent that the bonds used in the obliteration of inter-Allied debts are cancelled. Here is a way of revising the Treaty and the Schedule of Payments prepared under the Treaty without appearing to reduce the figures. The object is clear enough. The object is to raise loans on behalf of Germany in order that she can pay the Allies something; and loans cannot be raised unless Germany is relieved of a large part of her liabilities and is not in danger of bankruptcy. The less she owes the more likely are people to lend. The Allies sacrifice much to gain something. Europe, in short, is becoming sensible.

It will be asked whether such a scheme is not excellent in spite of its camouflage. I suppose it is, but it might be so much better were it only stated quite frankly that Germany's debt is reduced. Everybody who matters may understand that this is the carefully hidden reality, but even in understanding it they will refuse to lend unless it is openly stated that such is the result. I am convinced that it is not only advisable but necessary to tell the truth. The Allied statesmen apparently believe that they can at once let the truth be seen and conceal the truth. Thus they lose an opportunity of appearing as generous as they are.

In putting this matter forward I desire to show that Europe is really becoming reasonable but is furiously pretending that she is not reasonable. It is so in many other respects. For example, Lord Esher discussed with me his scheme of disarmament presented to a commission of the League of Nations. It may be a bad or a good scheme, but at least it is put forward seriously and is modelled on the Washington method of fixing the ratios for each European country. Personally I think the plan a great advance but I am not concerned to examine it in detail and to extol its merits. What is more to the point is that here was a plan brought forward by a responsible person in Europe and to my certain knowledge accepted as a basis for discussion by the French representatives on the League—a plan which would have gone some way towards showing America that there really is a movement towards drastic disarmament in Europe. I do not say it will eventually be adopted in practice—I do not know. But I do say that in spite of some noisy deputies in France who would only have the period of compulsory military service cut down from three years to eighteen months, the French government itself, under M. Poincaré, is inclined, in view of the general feeling in the country, to reduce the period far more drastically and would be willing, were it a little assisted by a public outcry, to do much to convince America that she has misjudged France—who has had enough of war and of adventures.

My point is that this plan ought to have been published. I believe that in fact some correspondents did in the end ferret out the facts—when it was too late. As for myself, I was pledged to secrecy. So was Lord Esher, the author of the plan. M. Viviani would not have the discussions, entirely favorable to France, divulged. There were actually English newspapers which declined to publish the scheme—sometimes, I admit, on the highest grounds. Generally, the feeling is that public opinion is to be feared, that what is done must be done in the dark. If the League of Nations chose to act like this when its whole profession is of public diplomacy, what of the governments? I assure my readers that there are many instances of entirely creditable efforts, which would help the United States to understand Europe better, on the part of the governments, which are concealed like a shame on account of a ridiculous dread of an imaginary public opinion. Europe, in short, is better than is supposed in America, and although I have never been and never will be a special pleader for Europe, I am bound to assert that it is a grotesque lack of candor that is largely responsible for many mistaken notions about Europe. At the same moment there is this half acknowledged but

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practically accepted plan of cutting down Germany's debt by half, and this covered up scheme of disarmament which is of real value and which is more than half accepted.

Is it not time, then, first that France—and Europe generally—were franker in her utterances to America—for she is steadily growing wiser in her changed policy towards Germany and Russia, in her realization of the need of European solidarity—and, second, that America too should say plainly to Europe what she wants to say. It is not enough to "talk at" France (as the saying goes) instead of to France, as was done when Mr. Hughes noted the omission of the subjects of disarmament and budgetary reform from the agenda of Genoa.

These are exceptional days when the truth should be uttered as pointedly as possible by governments. There should be no loophole for misapprehension. Politeness, pretenses, conventional lies of diplomacy, concealments, propaganda, and other methods of deception, only result in a mutual incomprehension and ignorance.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Community Swoons

"'CHRIST God!' said King Charlemagne," in the Chanson de Roland, "'in evil case am I!' and tore his beard in a great wrath and wept sore; and with him wept all the horsemen of the Franks. There were twenty thousand in the ranks that fainted on the ground." That was group emotion indeed, twenty thousand swooning at once, not to speak of the very handsome sympathy of it. And so it is in this town about the theatre very often, though too mildly swooned to work very much toward artistic creation. Great patches of us are blown down together by something or other; and that settles it. The thing is great art, is immense, grand, the height of one's artistic adventures, the thrill of one's life. What else is to be said?

Suppose, then, for one instance, I tried with the Chauve Souris to put a case, as in fact I did once. I said that the Chauve Souris was in no sense great or important art; that it had a few very good numbers indeed, many unequal ones, and some very bad; that it had a certain quality of refinement and good intention, a vivacity, and a kindly absence of any tax on one's mind or taste; that it was loveable and friendly; and that its lack of the Broadway professional note, which is so hard, adequate and empty, made it refreshing and highly welcome in our theatre.

And suppose now or in the future I were to write of Miss Ruth Draper, who has been getting very strong praise this winter. I have never seen Miss Draper in a series of recitals, only in ten or twelve numbers. But in only a few of these did she get a finished result: the debutante, say, and the old Yiddish grandmother with the shawl over her head, and fine moments now and then elsewhere. But take the French milliner for a contrary example. There we saw no established rhythm of motives; the voice and the intonation were not determined; and, most of all, the body was never penetrated with the idea, but quite casual and incidental. Whereas, of course, it ought to be obvious that the sketch will not be art until something is discovered and fused all through it that distinguishes this subject from all others and that translates it into the special art Miss Draper cultivates.

Or take the old New England woman on the porch, a really tragic, comic, grotesque, earth-bound motif; but it was seen by Miss Draper only in spots; it threatened to end almost anywhere; it was not driven down into any inevitable meaning. In most of Miss Draper's numbers the lines of the design were confused. The pattern demanded for the stage was not concentrated upon or even discerned. How much kinder, then, it would be in Miss Draper's friends and how much more useful to the growth of her art and of all art, not to tell her that she is a whole theatre in herself, a summit, but rather to say that in most of her work she is not an artist at all yet, but only a drawing-room entertainer, however delightful! Miss Draper has much talent and much happy accomplishment to her credit. But she has not mastered the precise distinctions that define her particular art and make it different from all others. She needs more study, more selection instead of so much mere facility; more concentration and finality of body and mind together; and through all this to seek to acquire a continuous personal style that will run through her entire work, whatever her subject, and give it distinction.

From this sort of criticism, as from the Chauve Souris, I should get reactions not unkind, sometimes very suggestive, too, and stimulating, but often most remonstrant. And there would be one kind of reaction that would bring on a real discussion. It is quite commonly met with, and it comes to this: when we have a good thing, better than any of the rest, why pick flaws in it? Why not encour-

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age the best, push it along? A part of this reaction runs off into another slant with the less thoughtful of the objectors; for democracies perhaps resent differences of opinion as they resent any difference in dress, manners or accent; and the bankers and promoters have taught us how much more fun it is, and how much less bother in the head, to boost something, cut out the fault-finding, all stand together for the new gas-works or for more and better concrete walks, fifteen miles of them though they lead nowhere. Everyone is having such a good time; and when one finds something one likes, how much jollier it is to think also that it is great art! And then to have someone trying to spoil it, and probably for the sake of being different and nothing else in the world! Why hit below the mental belt when people are only playing, after all? But this type of reaction is not important. The significant and important thing comes back to that main point—an honest and considerable one—why not stand behind and shout for something that is, to say the least, at the top of our showing in the theatre, and so encourage the remainder to follow such a good example?

Well, to that we may say that a safe method in criticism is to ask to see the results. To see what are the fruits of any position a critic may take for himself. Such a position as this, of boosting the best on hand at the time, is a good friendly one, homely, warm, full of the folks and the get-together. But where does it lead? "When fruit is passed to you at table," says one of the old books of Colonial etiquette, "glance rapidly over the platter, choosing the best"; but that looked toward the discernment of temporary ends only and not toward horticulture or altruism. In the realm of the blind the one-eyed is king, as the Spaniards say, but only if we must have a king. And the least ugly daughter may be the family beauty, but that does not prove that beauty has been achieved by the family. Not at all. At this rate how shall we ever move forward? And at this rate how are we ever going to have any standards of excellence?

And there we shall have some of the more philosophic lifting their brows and narrowing their eyes. Standards? Are there any absolute standards in art? Are there any absolute standards for criticism to work with?

But that is not so devastating as it may seem. Nobody is saying that there are absolute standards of beauty or taste or anything else in art. But it ought to be clear enough that every work of art has in it somehow or other its own inherent standards of perfection. Every work of art aims at the quintessence of its characteristic quality. When this is consummated, and the expression of it complete, we have style; we have the distinctions in style that we recognize so easily in diverse individuals, schools, and epochs. To take one illustration, a dancer does an Arab dance to the four points of the compass, north, south, east and west, where God's spirit holds. Obviously he is driving at these points. That is to say his problem is built on four points at right angles to each other from his centre of gravity; and his feet evidently are to define these four points in terms of the idea around them. But if the feet miss the points, the clear statement of the angles, are blurred, a dwindling design, you need not be an expert to know that the dance has not yet arrived. The dancer may be indeed the best we have or the best anywhere as yet in this particular kind; but that will not oblige us to proclaim him remarkable or perfect. He has not seen his art through yet, however much we may enjoy it or enjoy our own enthusiasm about it, or may feel it necessary to be enthusiastic about something. There is no need to be nervous about the ideal, we need not fool ourselves in order to imagine it in our midst. The ideal is always implied to some degree in every artistic effort, but not very often reached; and we may as well realize that nothing can force the hand of art.

The best that such a position on a critic's part can do, since the boosting is not very constructive, is to point out or proclaim qualities in a work of art or elements of merit. But his readers with insight will go on past him, for they will perceive the ideal implied in the qualities and elements pointed out, and from their own syntheses they will project something consummate in its own kind by which the work will be measured.

No, this way of cracking up to the heights the best to be found on hand is amiable enough, and sociable; if you let me boost this, I'll boost the other with you, like the doctors in Molière: "If you let me give this patient an emetic, I'll agree to anything you please for the next." But it constructs little. Its charm is vivacity and enthusiasm, fine human things with fine, contagious uses in art. Enthusiasm is a fine thing indeed; but profound enthusiasm forces on the artistic conscience an obligation to try also to judge wisely and for the highest excellence. Otherwise how discouraging it would be to remember that in sheer enthusiasm we are so far surpassed by the animals, who are able to wag their ears, roll over, bark, bray, crow, chirrup and squeal, in their expressions of approval, and set the whole barnyard going in five seconds!

STARK YOUNG.

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Coal Miners Their Own Storekeepers

"IN the old days I never used to know what I was goin' to get in my envelope on pay-day. There was always the company store bill to be taken out of it, and what with the prices they charged and the liberal-handed way the wife and I used to buy without sensin' how much we was spendin', why that envelope looked pretty flat-chested and sick sometimes when I got my hands onto it. But since we've had this little coop store we've had a square deal on prices and we're on a strictly cash basis. You bet my pocket-book shows the effects of it."

The veteran coal miner who paid this tribute to the "coop" is only one of the many United Mine Workers of District Number Two in Central Pennsylvania who are trying out the cooperative store as a means of increasing their savings and their self-respect. And the store he described is only one of a chain of twenty-four stores.

These miners are testing cooperation probably under as varied conditions as can be found anywhere in the world. If you sit on a cracker box in one of these stores on a Saturday night, you are likely to see something of a cross-section of America and to hear bartering in many tongues, for nearly every society represents from five to eight nationalities in its membership. Men and women whose ancestors fought in the American Revolution and Slovaks newly come to this country who cannot speak a word of English, Jews and Gentiles, white men and colored men are joint shareholders in these stores. One society numbers among its members—English, Scotch, Belgians, Slovaks, Poles, Italians and Syrians. There is one store in a little settlement of Slavic people which has exactly one native American in its membership. Another is in a Pennsylvania Dutch community of Revolutionary fame.

"I have to please so many different tastes," complained one store manager. "I must always have plenty of Bologna for the Kurtzes and plenty of spaghetti for the Salvaroni's. That Swedish feller, Swansen, he's always pesterin' me to get some funny kind of bread that nobody but him likes and so it goes. It beats all, the different ideas folks have about eatin'."

One society represents a mingling of the miners who live in the village and the farmers who live in the country round about and fetch their butter and eggs over in their Fords to exchange for groceries —and gasoline. Another brings together the people who live in a busy town, which is the railroad centre for the section, with the people of "Dagoes Crossing" and "The Shaft"—each a collection of bare smoke-begrimed wooden shacks centred around a mine shaft. In another town the cooperative is almost a cross section of the population, including miners, railroadmen, a sprinkling of business men and the doctor.

Never have cooperative enterprises been beset by more obstacles than have these stores. Ranging in age from four years to the tender age of one year, they have passed through their infancy in stressful times. The history of cooperation in this section might be compared to that of a baby who contracts measles, chicken pox, mumps, scarlet fever and whooping cough in rapid succession and survives. The war, the influenza epidemic which raged with terrific violence in these towns, the strike of the miners in 1919, the quick drop in prices in 1920 followed by all these many months of uncertain and irregular employment have been a series of severe endurance tests.

The strong framework of the United Mine Workers' organization back of these cooperatives has been their great source of strength, and common interest in the union on the part of the majority of the members has given unity to an otherwise heterogeneous collection of people. Men whose qualities of leadership had been developed in making the local union go have been ready to give of their time and energy to the problem of making cooperation go. The unions have given financial assistance, in many cases, in the shape of loan funds and in several towns have supplied the store with a building rent free. In some of the union buildings special provision was made when they were built for space for a cooperative store. This is a particularly happy arrangement, for the union hall over the store furnishes a place for share-holders' meetings and cooperative entertainments.

Another big source of strength can be traced to the man who did the work of organizing these cooperatives. In the first place he has an especially rare combination of qualities. In few people has life developed such a well-balanced mixture of kindliness and shrewdness, of idealism and plain "horse sense," and few people have had as thorough an education as he has had—that is education for living. Working in lumber camps, in coal mines and in company stores, going about as an organizer for the union, electioneering and making stump speeches for the Socialist party, he has had an opportunity to study psychology and economics by the direct method, and in between these first-hand studies he has read Spencer and Mill and Marx. Many enthusiasts have started co-

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operative stores only to fail utterly for the very simple reason that although they understood the theory of cooperation they understood little or nothing about running a grocery store. The organizer of these stores is by no means a mere theorist in cooperation for in the days when he managed the company store for the mine operators he had a chance to learn the business thoroughly.

The most recent development of this cooperative movement is the forming of a central association for joint buying and joint educational work, modeled upon the plan of the Scottish Cooperative Wholesale Society.

The first question that is always asked a cooperator is, "How much money are you saving by buying at the coop?"

Perhaps the best indication of the dollars and cents value of cooperation among the miners is the effect it has produced upon profiteering grocers. In some towns the company stores have announced discounts to their customers to keep them from yielding to the lures of cooperation. "Half my old customers are buying at the coop," lamented the proprietor of a meat market who had been charging cut-throat prices, "and the half that is left is the worst half—the folks who always 'charge it.'" "Why wait till the end of the quarter to get dividends," advertised the next-door neighbor to one cooperative, "we pay them now by saving you money on every purchase." The best of it is that this change of heart on the part of profiteers has not been due to any attempt of the cooperatives to cut their competitors' throats. They have tried to supply their customers with goods of honest quality at honest prices and have thus incidentally hit the profiteers.

The most important results of cooperation in this section are probably those that cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. Men and women who act as officers and directors of their societies are acquiring practical experience in running a business and practical experience in adjusting their own little differences of opinion for the sake of a cause. Miners' wives whose lives had been a drab monotony of housework broken only by going to church or to a funeral are coming out to shareholders' meetings, even venturing to express their opinions during discussion.

Then there are the little everyday bits of education which the manager of the store finds time for in between weighing out butter and sugar and punching the cash register. For example, there is the case of Mrs. Poleto, who sometimes bought a certain kind of jam for the children to eat on their bread until she began to trade at the cooperative. When the store manager told her what was in that jam, she decided that perhaps a brand that cost more was really less expensive in the long run. Or take Mrs. McGuire, who always bought flour by the paper sackful until the manager pointed out how much money she would save if she bought by the barrel. Then there is Mrs. Stanovitch, who has lived in this country only about a year. The first day she came into the "coop" her gray eyes peered distrustfully from beneath her black shawl. She watched the clerk with suspicion as he weighed her pork chops and her butter. She tried to beat down his price. The next time she comes all her suspicion is gone. "You give good piece meat. You not cheat," she announces.

Perhaps Mike Koblinsky is the best example of a by-product of cooperation. "You should 'uv seen Mike's face the first time we declared dividends," reminisced the manager of the store in which Mike is a member. "Mike's a Polack who lives over at the shaft. He can't read nor write and he can just about make himself understood and that's all. When we organized the store we did a lot o' talkin', explainin' to him what a coop store was and what good it would do him, but we couldn't quite make out how much of our talk got over. Anyway he seemed to like the idea for he plunked down $50 in cash for five shares o' stock. With nine children to feed he had to buy a lot o' grub, so when we come to divide up the profits, Mike headed the list. Between his share of the profits and a quarter's interest on his stock somethin' like $28 was due him. I had quite a time makin' him understand what it was all about, but when he finally got it through his old nut that twenty-eight good dollars was comin' his way out of a clear sky, as you might say, he looked just the way my Jim did last Christmas when we give him one o' these flexible flyer sleds. I can see him grinnin' yet. Then what do you spose he said—'Me no take away. Dis store first place do like dat to me. Me help some more. Me put back. Me have more—what you call 'em, what you call 'em—shares.' And he took a two dollar bill out o' his pocket to pay up in full for three more shares. Ain't that cooperation for you?"

You have only to go across the hills a few miles from one of these stores to a non-union mine to see a striking contrast to the miner-cooperator. Here company ownership of the town still prevails. The miner lives in a company shack, buys his groceries at the company store at whatever prices the company sees fit to charge, sends his children to the company school, is attended by the company doctor when he is sick and is buried by the company minister when he dies.

GENEVIEVE FOX.

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The Crow's Nest

A HORSE trots along a road, sees some little piece of paper, and shies. Why? He's a big powerful animal, and the piece of paper is small. But the horrible thought comes, it might bite him. He snorts—jumps around—.

Then he sees it is harmless. He calms down. He trots along peacefully.

He meets another bit of paper. "Oh Lord!" he immediately says to himself. He trembles. He gives another wild jump.

Such a horse never learns. He is not an intelligent animal.

No matter how quiet the roads are, his own worries spoil them . . .

* * *

When I see some small complication coming down *my* road toward me, I immediately do what the horse does; that is, fear the worst. I smile, and say it probably won't amount to much; but I feel it looks threatening.

I get upset: apprehensive.

Then suddenly it's upon me! Oh Lord!

Then it's past. I now see it was nothing.

I laugh at myself. Trot along. Toward the next complication.

Age and Youth

"Sallie," I said, "did they have anything special at your church at Easter?"

"No, Mr. Day, nothing special," my cook said. "Just flowahs and birds."

"Birds?"

"Yessuh. Any member of our congregation that's got a canary, she takes it to church, Easter Sunday. You ought to see them little birds, Mr. Day, how they enjoy theirselves. Seeing all the people, and the other birds! It's just grand for them!"

"Pretty cold for a canary?"

"No suh, they wrops them up good. It ain't generally too cold for them, Mr. Day."

"Did you ever take a bird, Sallie?"

"No suh; I never had any to take of my own. But when I was wu'king for Mrs. York, she let me take hers. I told her about it, how we took our canaries to church; and she thought awhile, and she says to me: 'Well Sallie, if you'd like to, take Peewee. He's got asthma anyway.'

"And Mr. York, he pops up and says: 'Asthma? I should say he *had* asthma. Every time I get a telephone from home at my office, it's to tell me how Peewee is all broke up again with a cold, and how I mus' stop at the drugstore on my way home and get him some medicine.'

" 'Well, you love Peewee, don't you?' Mrs. York says.

" 'Oh, he's a good little scout,' Mr. York tells her, 'but I certainly do a lot for him. Seems I'm always telling the drug-clerk, "More cough-drops for Peewee." '

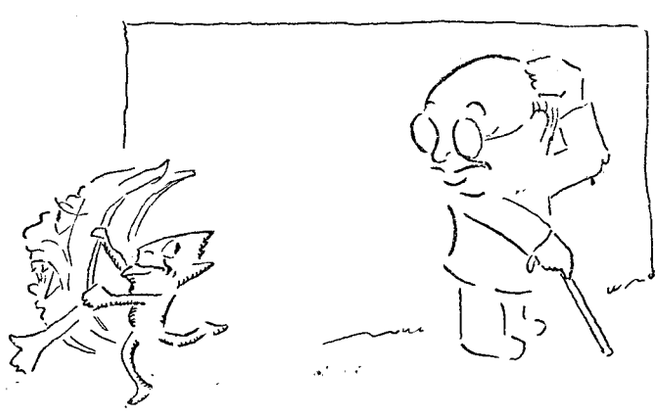
"This Peewee was mighty nice, Mr. Day, even if he did have some asthma. He was a kind of old respectable bird, with a bald place on his head. But, poor old thing, he lived too quiet. Never had any fun. I wanted him to be out and around more, but Mr. York wouldn't let me. Wouldn't even let me swing his cage around, to liven him up. Mr. York always said: 'Don't do that. You're too young for him, Sallie.'

"But this time, seeing it was Easter and everything, seems he could go out for once. So we put cloths around his cage, Mr. Day, and I wrop it up good, and I took him real careful to a car, to go down to the church. He seem mighty surprised at such doings. Cheeped like he was excited. I had to laugh at him! I told him, 'Peewee, you are my beau!'

"After we'd gone a ways, I peaked in a hole at the top, to see was he all right. He look like he was a little played out. He was kind of drawed up in a corner of the cage on the floor. He didn't look very good. No, suh. So when I got as far as Fifty-ninth Street, I peak in again. And this time, Peewee, he's daid.

"So I didn't go no further with him that way. I got right off the car. I went in a place there and telephoned.

" 'Mrs. York,' I says, 'this is Sallie, and I'm down here at Fifty-ninth Street, that's as far as I got. Yes ma'am, Fifty-ninth Street. Because Peewee, he daid.'



"Mrs. York says: 'Oh Sallie!'

"And I says, 'Yes ma'am.' "

"We was both mighty sorry.

"Then I hear Mr. York coming. I hear his boots, stepping along in the hall. And he says to me: *'Sallie!* You say that Peewee is *dead*?'

" 'Yessuh. Yessuh.'

" 'Now,' he says, 'that's too bad. He could a' lived a long time in his own way, if you'd let him alone.'

" 'Yessuh. Maybe he could. But I wanted him to see the other birds, Mr. York.'

" 'Huh!' Mr. York said. 'Bald old Peewee. You was too young for him, Sallie.'

"Well—I wish he could of lasted till we got to the church, Mr. Day. You should of seen the cage that bird had. Must have cost twenty dollars. Wasn't nobody there had as handsome a cage as my beau!"

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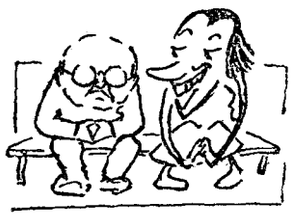
A Dark Thought



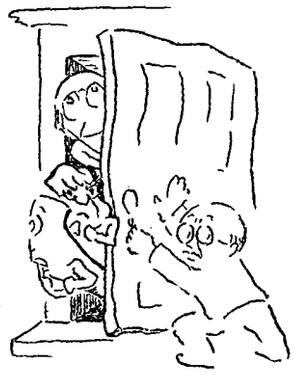
Some women are so circumstanced that they have to spent part of each day saying a lot of pleasant artificial things they don't mean. They learn to say them mechanically. An insincere tone, a false note, thus gets into their voices, so that even when they are talking with intimates they sound artificial. Even the most musical voices get deadened or stiff.

If it does that to their voices, it must do it to their spirits too. Gradually.

Letter from J. O. W. "Aunt C.'s kind of mind is delicious. It's a flowering mind. It does in ideas what other minds do in music. A little curley-queue of sound grows —and changes—and turns into a symphony; yet the whole thing is enclosed at the start in that three or four note pattern of sound. Ideas do that with her. No combination of words, however hackneyed, seems to lose its suggestiveness to her. Only she doesn't make symphonies, she makes fantasies, études, silhouettes.

"And the reason that a mind like Uncle M.'s is so terrible is that it never flowers; it is a dead stick, no matter how many branches it has—fit only for a fact-rack."

We talk of the Power of Ideas. It's like dogs thinking of the Power of Whistles. Ask a cat what power a whistle has.



Here are some little closet ideas. Nothing especially wonderful. They are merely thoughts that this or that human-being has had—nothing more. An idea is only somebody's way of looking at something. Yet when one of them gets out in the world and gets its lungs full of air, it may ride us up and down for a century—till another gets out.

When Fun and Wisdom come as friends,
How happily the evening goes.
But once they quarrel, then it ends.
They're both unbearable as foes.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest, and especially concerning articles which have appeared in its columns. Those of 300 words or less are necessarily more available for publication than longer letters.]

A Plea for Executive Clemency

SIR: Among the persons suffering imprisonment in the United States for spoken or written words under wartime legislation are two Mexicans, Ricardo Flores Magon and Librado Rivera. They are revolutionists who for years back conducted propaganda from American soil against the infamous Diaz regime. In 1918 they were sentenced to twenty and fifteen years respectively, the one for writing and the other for printing a Spanish revolutionary manifesto. They are men of high character and beloved and respected in their own country. Magon was recently voted a pension by the Mexican government, which he refused from scruples of conscience. He is becoming blind, and friends are making earnest efforts for his release, while he is still able to see the faces of his wife and children.

Lovers of liberty are urged to write to the President asking executive clemency for these two men, on condition of their repatriation to Mexico.

ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS.

How Can the French Debt Be Settled?

SIR: On page 3 of your number for March 1st, you criticize the method of setting the French debt accounted in paper against the country's property estimated in gold. You say, "It is a good rule in such cases to compare paper values with paper values and gold values with gold." While there is force in your contention, it seems to contain also a fallacy. It would be valid were the French government in a position to pay off its debt in francs of the present depreciated value. But if liquidation be long deferred it will have to be made after deflation, unless indeed bankruptcy intervenes. When currency is back on a gold basis the debt will be payable in full in gold and then its face value will be comparable with property values in gold, which remain relatively unchanged throughout. While a scaling down of the debt with allowance for the inflation at the time it was contracted might morally be fair, it would technically constitute repudiation and is excluded from the present argument.

The truth of the matter seems to be, that comparison of the French debt and French property involves fluctuating and indeterminate factors. A reasonable estimate might perhaps be arrived at by compromising between your rule and the method of Senator King, yet such a result would be highly conjectural. Since the three courses directly open seem to be early payment, gold payment or insolvency and the first is not dreamed of, the accounting method to which you take exception can hardly reach a result too unfavorable for the prospects of France.

One possible expedient indeed suggests itself, though I do not pretend to judge how practical. That is a rapid liquidation of the debt due in paper francs by floating a long-term loan payable ultimately in gold.

EDWARD P. BUFFET.

Stony Brook, Long Island.

Have You Letters from Howard Pyle?

SIR: I am beginning to gather material for a study of the life and works of Howard Pyle. If, in some department of your paper, you could insert a note requesting that any persons who have letters or information of any kind in regard to Mr. Pyle communicate with me at Haverford College, I would be greatly indebted to you.

CHARLES D. ABBOTT.

Haverford, Pennsylvania.

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Books and Things

A QUESTION you cannot help repeating, whenever Mr. John Jay Chapman publishes another of his too few books, is what Mr. Chapman himself thinks of what he has written. There is very little from which you can infer his reply. Only once, so far as I remember, has he replied expressly. "At the time I wrote this book," he says in his prefatory note to a reissue of Practical Agitation, "I intended it to be an epitome of human wisdom. . . . Whether I over-reached myself by saying things that are really too deep for humanity, and which can never be discovered—or whether I simply underestimated the time necessary for the diffusion of explosive truth, and so kept watching a bomb that wouldn't go off, simply because the time had not come for it to go off—I do not know. Perhaps the bomb was merely a pumpkin, after all; and perhaps in the fullness of time, it will be found to fructify good pumpkin seeds after the manner of the wholesome earth." What humor there is in this self-respecting recognition that it is the common lot for youth's high hopes to be defeated in later years! What a friendly and impersonal hand Mr. Chapman puts on the shoulder of this young man, who happens to have been himself!

In his Notes, as he calls them, to Shakespeare (A Glance Toward Shakespeare. Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.25) there is naturally nothing which foretells what Mr. Chapman will think of them a dozen years hence. And almost nothing to reveal his present opinion. He does say, to be sure, that although "it seems like fatuity to point out special good qualities in any one of" Shakespeare's greater plays, "yet, as a great many people have tried their hands at this, and the practice never seems to have injured the plays, I will hazard a few remarks. . . ." Here we have, I think, an almost perfect misstatement of Mr. Chapman's purpose. If he did not believe that the practice of writing about the plays had tarnished our pleasure in the plays he would not have written his book in order to give our pleasure back its freshness. He writes in the hope of clearing our minds of the sediment left there by commentaries and treatises. Take your Shakespeare easily, he counsels us. Begin by seeing the plays as plays, "as mere shows, as popular amusements." As for the sonnets, "they should be dipped into, or read by the half-hour together, singly or in sequences, and without any special effort to understand them." To Mr. Chapman Shakespeare is a brimming source of joy. His object is to help us to revisit the source, to let us see Shakespeare face to face, and if we can do this without his help he will be all the better pleased.

A perceptive friend would indeed be disgusted who should discover, after leading you and me through some great picture gallery, that we remembered what he had said better than what he had shown us. It would disgust a keen mountaineer, at the end of a day spent in guiding us up couloirs and along traverses, to discover that we remembered his prowess better than all the scarped thrills by the way, better than the distant cantons we had descried from the top. Greater than either of these would be the disgust of Mr. Chapman if we should tell him that while he has been glancing toward Shakespeare, and doing his disinterested utmost to turn our eyes in the same direction, we have been attending mostly to Mr. Chapman himself. Don't let's tell him. And yet, in my case at any rate, it is so. And it is Mr. Chapman's fault. "Certainly these plays overstimulate humanity," he says; "and inasmuch as they have driven many learned men mad in all ages, we ought not to be surprised if they excite the actors. The 'judicious' may 'grieve,' as they sit in the best seats watching some termagant splitting the ears of the groundlings; but the judicious get an amusement of their own from the performance; for grieving is the chief joy of the judicious." Common sense has no business to be so like wit if we are expected to read Mr. Chapman's prose without giving its maker a thought.

The sentences just quoted walk off as if they were writing themselves, nor do I suppose the reality, in this instance, to be unlike the appearance. I wonder whether it costs Mr. Chapman much trouble to give his other sentences—sentences that have wings, sentences that are poised for flight into poetry—this same look of being out for a stroll? "This naturalism," he says, after giving an example of it, "which comes crashing down from the tragic roof in Shakespeare, is what makes his writing different from any other writing on earth. If you surround his dramas with pomp, as if they were the work of Aeschylus or Corneille, you will lose him. The barn floor must be under the feet of the actor. Nothing else is humble enough, homebred, earthy and inward enough, to show the fall of his fires." Something is always happening in Shakespeare that stirs Mr. Chapman, and, whenever he is stirred, his prose rises in a short wave to a crest and then breaks in metaphor and beauty. Shakespeare's spectres, he tells us, meaning here by "spectres" not the ghosts but the characters generally, "his spectres rise in the fumes of the brain and cannot be conjured to submission. They will not seed or plough for us. They are not exactly human beings, but thoughts—phantoms that pass and repass through the castle walls of life, sit on the battlements in the sunlight, and behold, nothing is there!"

You may not see Mr. Chapman's meaning any more clearly than I do when he says Shakespeare's characters are more like thoughts than human beings, or when later on he calls it "absurd" to "compare any character in Shakespeare to any real character." Into the still-vexed question of "character" in books and life Mr. Santayana, speaking of Goethe's Gretchen, is a guide easier to follow: "His creation . . . . is the original to which we may occasionally think we see some likeness in real maidens. It is the fiction here that is the standard of naturalness." No, so little do I appreciate Mr. Chapman's private and vivid relation to Shakespeare's characters that I am not even certain of its incoherence with Mr. Santayana's plainer wisdom. Perhaps Mr. Chapman's vein of mysticism lets him in on the ground-floor of insights which readers must not look to share who are blind to all things mystic. And this I say neither out of travel-stained modesty nor by way of praise unmixed. There is a something in Mr. Chapman which prevents impatience when you cannot follow him into his upper reaches, and there is also another something, near the first and very like it, which contrives to frustrate his purpose when he says things invitingly false, things that in another writer would irritate you into dispute. What does it matter, you say, which is not at all the state of mind into which he would wish to put you. The spirit bloweth and is still, you say, certain that a few sentences further on it will again be blowing.

People who ought to know say that Mr. Chapman is a citizen with an address in the telephone book. A mistake, of course. His dwelling is the light of setting suns, which isn't at all a bad place, I am told, for a fitful genius.

P. L.

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These United States and Mr. Lewisohn

Up Stream, An American Chronicle, by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni & Liveright. $3.00.

THIS book should be read by every American who has laid to his heart the flattering unction of such complacent accounts of the alchemy of Americanization as are furnished by Edward W. Bok and Mary Antin. For, with Mr. Lewisohn, clearly the conversion has not been accomplished, and though he was subjected to the approved processes of education—school, college, university,—to a literary apprenticeship, and to service in the priesthood of higher learning, he remains intractable, refractory, untransmuted. And he knows perfectly the reason why.

There are two kinds of honesty in this book. There is the honesty of a frank record of experience, in which Mr. Lewisohn has extenuated nothing. Childhood in Berlin, boyhood in a southern city with a local college, young manhood in New York and a typical American university,—all this is faithfully rendered. The account of his exclusion from the competition for academic position because of his race is as tragically true as the incident in which Jude Fawley finds the gates of Balliol shut against him. The story of the contest between a nascent literary art and the American magazine is equally convincing. The statement of what happened to a man of intelligence and culture during the years when the United States established a receivership of intellect and conscience, and officially banished the consolations of strong drink, is without exaggeration. But there is an honesty of another kind, a personal reaction to these things which is naked and unashamed, and of which it cannot be said truly that it sets down naught in malice.

There is unfortunately a danger that these two forms of honesty may work against each other to minimize or destroy the effect which the book should have and to counteract the good which it should do. For it is most salutary that the American majority should pay stern heed to the findings of a man who has viewed them and their works so widely, with a point of view not theirs but which he earnestly strove to give them as the chief contribution which he could make to their welfare. His experience as a graduate student showed him the great defect in our highest education and enabled him to lay his finger on the place where it ails.

"What I wanted was ideas, interpretative, critical, aesthetic, philosophical, with which to vivify, to organize, to deepen my knowledge, on which to nourish my intellectual self. And my friends, the professors, ladled out information. . . . They did not realize that, the elementary tools of knowledge once gained, there is but one thing that can teach men and that is the play of a large and an incisive personality." Of American education in general his criticism is laconically just. "Our people do not believe in education at all—if education means a liberation of the mind or a heightened consciousness of the historic culture of mankind. College is to fit you to do things —build bridges, cure diseases, teach French. It is not supposed to help you to be." In noting the sterility of youth his comment is penetrating. "The young creators of new values come to grief so often not because their values are wrong, nor because their rebellion is not of the very breath of the world's better life. They come to grief because they have no mastery of fact, because they carry with them the false old interpretations and conventional idealizations of man and future and human life." In defining his own fundamental philosophy he develops a stoicism which is dignified and eloquent. "There is no certain good but truth, no certain effectiveness but in an abstention from all force, no final consolation save in the integrity of one's own mind."

But when Mr. Lewisohn turns from his factual record and with disconcerting frankness reveals what pain, humiliation, and bitterness the experience has cost him, his instinct for self-dramatization tends to shake our faith in his critical validity. For example, the episode on which greatest emphasis falls is that of the judgment of the secretary of a department at Columbia who read the scales in which the ambitious student was weighed and found wanting. To Mr. Lewisohn this personality, whom he masks as Brewer, is profoundly antipathetic, "a pale, hesitant, chill-eyed New Englander, with a thin strain of rhetorical skill and literary taste." To this gentleman he attributes "a very keen tribal instinct of the self-protective sort,"—which discovers in the Jewish student "the implacable foe of the New England dominance over our national life." Brewer's encouragement he imputes to "spiritual falsehood of the crassest"; and adds, "In him as in all like him, the corruption of the mental life is such that the boundaries between the true and the false are wholly obliterated." In Brewer's delay in warning him "how terribly hard it is for a man of Jewish birth to get a good position," he finds the acme of timid hypocrisy. Clearly, here the tragedy, very real in itself, is distorted by over-emphasis, and the interpretation colored by self-pity. There is no reason for doubting Brewer's explanation that "until a recent experience" he had not known how widespread the prejudice was; and if his letter lacks a certain expansiveness it is to be conceived that he had a premonition that his correspondent would publish it.

Again, under stress of emotion, Mr. Lewisohn's logic breaks down. To say that "The man who believes that his moral rightness is absolute, though he himself never touches the hair of another's head, is a murderer and the accomplice of murderers. For only from moral certitude can arise the exertion of force over others," is to flaunt an undistributed middle, which includes Jesus Christ, St. Francis, Tolstoi and Gandhi. There is surely an egregious lack of proportion in accusing in the same terms the advocates of the eighteenth amendment and the patrioteers. "These poor slaves of drink must either howl against it or reel in barrooms. We know the type; thin lipped, embittered by the poisons that unnatural repression breeds, with a curious flatness about the temples, with often among the older men a wiry belligerent beard. You have seen them with their shallow-bosomed ill-favored wives . . . walking on Sunday self-consciously to church." "The middle-aged professors with homely, withered wives and strong moral opinions shouted and flared up and wreaked themselves on William II—and Kant, etc." All of which is too shrill, too strident. Undoubtedly, there is something peculiarly hypocritical about American religion, obscurantist about American education, obscene about American virtue. But this is not the way to get at it. And to twit American womanhood on its shallowness of bosom surely

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gets one no farther than to praise mothers in Israel for depth of the same.

All this is to say that autobiography makes a poor basis, artistically, for propaganda. So far as his strictures on American life are concerned, Mr. Lewisohn would have found a more serviceable vehicle in fiction, of the mastery of which he has given convincing examples, or in the essay. Surely the essential quality of criticism is disinterestedness, and of this the autobiography of all literary forms has least. But as a story of life experience, Up Stream is essentially worth many narratives whose authors are content to float complacently with the current. It is true one cannot escape a disquieting sense that with all his toiling and rowing Mr. Lewisohn is being carried down stream by the same forces as the rest of us. It seems to have been an obscure intimation to this effect that led Brewer to cry from the safety of the bank, "Young man, look out! the rapids are below you." It is true that in straining at his oars Mr. Lewisohn allows some harsh language to escape his pen, but this is as dramatically justifiable as it is for Mr. Bok to prophesy smooth things in Zion and to speak comfortably to Jerusalem. And thus we return to the pious hope that all Americans, at least those of New England extraction, will read his book, granting the author the license which his honesty deserves.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Sir Paul Dukes

Red Dusk and the Morrow, by Sir Paul Dukes. New York: Doubleday Page & Co. $3.50.

OF all the books on Russia written since the Revolution there are few that do more than mirror facts or events distorted and twisted out of their true proportion by political opinions and party prejudices. They reflect the views of groups or individuals. In Red Dusk and the Morrow, Sir Paul Dukes has struck a new note of objectivity by an attempt to visualize the Russian Revolution from the standpoint of "the man in the street," and while the picture is by no means complete, it throws into relief certain phases of the great upheaval in Russia that have hitherto been ignored or unemphasized by purely partisan writers.

There are two distinct threads to the somewhat episodic and disjointed narrative of his experiences in Soviet Russia as chief of the British Intelligence Service during the greater part of the year 1919—one purely autobiographical, the other political in character.

The first is a thrilling story of adventure, dramatically and vividly told. For months he lived in the underworld of intrigue, bribery, espionage and counter-espionage in Petrograd, carrying forged papers, changing with chameleon-like rapidity from one disguise to another, making perilous trips across the border to and from Finland, in constant danger of discovery. Finally he enlisted as a soldier in the Red Army, where he served for several months, obtaining an excellent idea of its discipline and organization.

That he was able to escape detection was due to the fact that he had lived in Russia for many years prior to the Revolution, and was able to pass without difficulty for a Russian. After the March Revolution, in which he took part with comrades of his student days, he served for a time as a member of the Anglo-Russian Commission, attaching himself later to the American Y. M. C. A., and doing relief work until recalled to London to be assigned the dangerous task of furnishing inside information to the British Secret Service. From his arrival in Russia in January, 1919, until his departure in the late summer of the same year, the reason for which is not divulged in his book, Sir Paul Dukes had many opportunities of studying the situation in Russia through his numerous acquaintances in all walks of life. He attended many public meetings at which he heard the great leaders of the Communist party, but his impressions of them were mostly gathered second hand as he never had the opportunity of coming in direct personal contact with them. His description of a meeting of the Petrograd Soviet gives a remarkably clear picture of the spirit and atmosphere of such gatherings and his analysis of the Red Army machine is the most complete ever given to western readers, with one exception—he left Russia before the enactment of the decree for the abolition of Adult Illiteracy, and was therefore unable to describe the classes for illiterates which later formed an integral part of the army Cultural Enlightenment work, and are today playing an important rôle in the gigantic task of fitting the masses of the Russian people for representative government.

So much for the purely entertaining features of his book. But by far the most important portions of it are those in which he deals with the political aspects of the Revolution —albeit in a rather sketchy fashion, for they call attention to certain fundamental facts that are usually overlooked in analyses of the present situation in Russia.

First and foremost of these is the generally prevalent confusion in terminology with regard to Soviet Russia. In this respect, he says, "the extreme opponents of Bolshevism, especially among Russians, have sinned as greatly as the extreme proponents, and with no advantage to themselves, even in their own class."

He points out with admirable clearness the error of the popular impression, fostered by the Bolsheviks, that there is "an indissoluble connection between 'Soviet' and 'Bolshevism' . . . . the Soviet system exists on paper at this day, but its validity in working is completely nullified by the simple process of preventing any but Communists from entering the lowest Soviet—the only one that is in direct contact with the people . . . Soviets, however, in some form or other . . . are indispensable in order that the government may continue to call itself for propagandist purposes the Soviet government. If the Soviet, or freely elected council system did work unshackled in Russia today, Bolshevism would long ago have been abolished . . . . Paradoxical though it may seem, Bolshevism is in reality the complete negation of the Soviet system. It is by no means impossible that the downfall of the Communists may result in a healthy effort to set the Soviets in some form at work for the first time. If this book served no other purpose than to impress this vitally important fact upon the reader I should feel that I had not written in vain."

Like many fairminded observers inside of Russia, however, Sir Paul Dukes recognizes the inadvisability of a forcible overthrow of the Communist dictatorship. He quotes Lenin himself as saying in a recent letter that the breach "between the governors and the governed" is growing wider, and he foresees the rise to power of Communists who are willing to put the needs of Russia before the demands of the Third International for the promotion of

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the world revolution. In his opinion the influence of the latter is waning within and without Russia and the simplest way to kill it is to "let it talk."

"The extent to which the existing organized administration may be utilized to assist in the alleviation of suffering and of bloodless transition to sane government," he states, "depends upon the degree in which Communist leaders unequivocally repudiate Bolshevist theories and become the nearest things possible to patriots.

"There are many reasons why, in the event of a modification of regime the retention of some organized machine, even that established by the Communists, is desirable. In the first place there is no alternative ready to supplant it. Secondly the soviet system has existed hitherto only in name . . . and there is no evidence to prove that such a system of popular councils, properly elected, would be a bad basis for at least a temporary system of administration. Thirdly, Bolshevist invitations to non-Bolshevist experts to function on administrative bodies . . . . began at an early date . . . . Jealously supervised by the Communist party, experts who are anything but Communists hold important posts on government departments . . . to sweep away the entire apparatus means to sweep away such men and women with it, which would be disastrous. It is only the purely political organizations—the entire paraphernalia of the Third International . . . . and of course the Extraordinary Commission that must be consigned bag and baggage to the rubbish heap."

Intervention in Russia, according to Sir Paul Dukes, has invariably been a failure because the policies of the Whites have always been based on selfish motives and they have never proposed any workable alternative to Bolshevism. The salvation of Russia must come from within and not from without, but "if any healthy influence from outside in the form of economic or philanthropic aid is introduced into Russia, it will rally round it corresponding forces within the country and strengthen them."

There are many more equally just observations on present day conditions in Red Dusk and the Morrow, to which it is not possible to call more than passing attention in a brief review of Sir Paul Dukes' book. The value of the services of the many thousands of non-partisans who are working with, but not for the Soviet government out of love for Russia is little appreciated or understood outside the country, as is the fact that there are as many Jews opposed to, as supporting Bolshevism. As against the often repeated assertions that the Russians are incapable of economic organization he cites the example of "the one great democratic and popularly controlled organization Russia has ever possessed, to wit, the union of Cooperative Societies," and he envisages the Russia of the future as in essence a cooperative commonwealth.

To those who are trying to obtain a just perspective of events in Russia, and are endeavoring to form an intelligent opinion as to the advisability of recognizing the Soviet government Sir Paul Dukes has opened up new vistas of thought. After reading such opinions emanating from such an obviously conservative observer, actuated solely by love and understanding of Russia and its needs, those who oppose a de facto recognition of the Soviet government must advance sound arguments in support of such opposition. And unless they confine themselves to the time worn shibboleths and slogans, long since discredited by intelligent and unbiased observers, they will not find it an easy task.

MARGUERITE E. HARRISON.

Mr. Pound's Patchwork

Poems 1918-21, by Ezra Pound. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

EZRA POUND'S new book of poems is as unsatisfactory as his previous ones. He still spends two-thirds of his time translating or quoting other poets, and a good deal of the rest of it imitating them (where it used to be Browning and Yeats, it is now T. S. Eliot) and has not even yet, in his original work, really mastered his own style, which still remains patchy and uneven and acutely self-conscious. The failure of Pound as a poet is a curious literary phenomenon. His aesthetic ideal is probably one of the highest in contemporary English poetry. He has labored fiercely, with extreme conscientiousness, and indifferent to public approval, to subdue the vague substance of words to a sharp hard residuum of beauty which should have nothing in common with the comparatively loose rhetoric of even such a good poet as Masefield. From Catullus to Yeats, his masters (with the possible exception of Browning) have been the severest and the most durable in the whole range of poetry. And for a line or two at a time he has sometimes crystallized this beauty. In his newest book, which, nonetheless, has far fewer fine things in it than Lustra, his best collection up to date, we find: "Dawn, to our waking, drifts in the green cool light;" "But today, Garonne is thick like paint, beyond Dorada;" "That he may free her,—who sheds such light in the air." Such isolated lines as these have certainly an authentic ring; but the trouble is that all his lines are isolated lines. His poems do not hang together. His eye for a general effect is singularly bad. It is as if he could not fix any picture squarely in his imagination and reproduce it for the reader, but could only try to piece it out with separate aspects or details conceived and perhaps jotted down without proper regard for the whole. It is like a pile of the chips and fragments of a collection of objets d'art: there are the foot of a Chinese jade god, the hand of a Tanagra statuette, a green, gold and blue initial from a mediaeval book and a pale nearly perfect amethyst engraved with a Renaissance Apollo. None of them is complete and they do not go together.

There is a strange discrepancy between Pound's ideals and his ability to live up to them. It is as if his ideal of style had matured but his taste had remained immature: not only has he never learned to deal with large problems, but he has never been able to outgrow a certain beguilement with preciosity and mystification. For, in spite of the parade of cultures and the pontifical pretenses which have terrified the more naïve of the American intelligentsia, Pound is really at heart a very boyish fellow and an incurable provincial. It is true that he was driven to Europe by a thirst for romance and color which he could scarcely have satisfied in America, but he took to Europe the simple heart and the pure enthusiasms of his native Idaho. And he took the fresh cavalier spirit which remains his greatest charm. His early poems are full of gallant and simply felt emotions; but they were already tainted with an obsession which has cursed him all his life: the frantic desire to escape as far from Idaho as possible, the itching to prove to Main Street that he has extirpated it from his soul. That he has remained unsuccessful to this day is sufficiently attested by the fact that he still spends so much

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time insulting it. He seeks refuge in bawdiness, in obscurity, in recondite erudition, in the most extravagant of modern movements, such as Vorticism and Dadaism, but he can never lose his self-consciousness at having settled in the Sacred Grove. "Look at me!" he says in effect to his compatriots in America. "See how cultured and sophisticated I have become—how different from you! There is nobody among you who knows about Pratinas and Gaudier-Brzeska. I can read half a dozen languages! I am a friend of Francis Picabia!" But his sophistication is still juvenile, his ironies still clumsy and obvious; when he ridicules Americans in Europe but little simpler than himself he reveals the callowness of the hunter by the pettiness of the game he pursues.

In the "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley" poems in this latest book we have one of his most furious attempts to conceal his fundamentally simple reactions in formidable and complicated riddles. His failure is particularly flagrant because he here copies T. S. Eliot—in one case quite slavishly parodies Burbank with a Baedeker—and hence challenges comparison with him. The comparison goes all against Pound. Where Eliot in one knotty stanza will open a vivid window on the past and convey a sharp emotion about it, Pound merely paraphrases statements of obvious fact in a tortured pedantic jargon.

For another thing, Pound seems to have repeated the oft-told tragedy of the imaginative American fled to Europe. What the American flees to in Europe is the Europe he has read about and unfortunately it is too often the Europe of books that he is obliged to continue to live in. I take this as a way of accounting for Pound's deficiencies in feeling and experience. His contacts seem still to remain almost exclusively literary contacts. Consider, for example, the long poem of which he has now published seven cantos. The first six cantos of this work are occupied with literary reminiscences; it is apparently a sort of cross-section of the poet's mind; odds and ends of old reading seem to float in and out—the Latin poets, Homer, a Latin translation of Homer, fragments of Chinese poetry, tags from the annals of Provençe. At last, wth the seventh canto, he seems to arrive at his own life: he remembers a girl called Eleanor and the name immediately reminds him of the Aeschylean puns about Helen, Ἕλανδρος and Ἑλέπτολις; from this point on, in the first twenty-four lines, we have quotations from five languages and are presently lost altogether; toward the end we seem to get our bearings in a class-room of some sort: the poet is bored with the class and thinks of Dante and Yorenzaccio. So everything in life serves but the purpose of reminding him of something in literature.

There are in Pound, without doubt, some of the elements of a bold and defiant personality, a genuine first-rate poet; but for some reason it has never been able to round itself out and stand on its own feet. One of the surest signs of his incompleteness is his continual recourse to translation: he is always trying to realize his own personality in the work of sympathetic poets who have been stronger than he. As Propertius, as Arnaut Daniel, as Guido Cavalcanti, he will attain his stature as the man whom he feels he ought to be. But even with the material which they supply him to fill out his defective experience and the solid and clear-cut characters which they lend him to prop up his own, he still reveals his fatal inadequacy in the lameness of his rendering of them. In his hands they somehow (with the possible exception of the Chinese poets) become uncertain and unsatisfactory like Pound himself.

The truth about Ezra Pound is probably the inevitable tragedy of a clever and sensitive man in the America of his day; it is not altogether different from the tragedy of Henry James. The United States could not supply Pound with the society and tradition which he needed to develop a very special and very delicate talent; but Europe, of which he has never been a part, does not supply him with it either. He is a case for Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, that blood-hound of American artistic failures. But let us, at least, do him honor for having failed in a high cause.

EDMUND WILSON, JR.

A Text Book on Civic Problems

Community Life and Civic Problems, by Howard Copeland Hill. New York: Ginn and Co. $1.40.

SHALL we ever have really intelligent voters? If, as Professor Dewey says, "nothing is really known until it operates in the common life," may we ever hope to see the civic truth our experts gather really known, actually functioning in a widely informed public opinion?

Ancient wisdom taught and modern psychology proves that the attitudes of childhood are dominant in our maturer decisions. If this is true of any attitude it must be true of that of being socially minded. In the general disposition to criticize our schools it is easy to slight both what they are doing and what they can do in establishing this attitude. Many of us who have left our school days far behind sedulously avoid, because of dreary memories, any book called a text. So we fail to recognize one of the most encouraging signs of the times. Several forces have cooperated in the inspiration of the modern text-book. One has been the personal influence of our leaders in education, who have insisted on humanizing the approach, as well as the matter of learning. Another has been commercialism, usually inimical to the making of books, here working beneficently to make the tools of instruction more attractive without becoming less reliable.

One of the best examples of the new order of text-books is Community Life and Civic Problems. To read it through is to become convinced not only that civic instruction can begin earlier than we thought but that it must begin early if it is ever to function as actively intelligent citizenship. What the community is and what it means to be a member of the community, what puts cities where they are, their increasing needs, city planning, forms of municipal government, public franchises, the growth of transportation and its tangles, housing reform, immigration, and labor problems, and more, besides the structure of government and machinery of voting—all this has been presented engagingly and yet in orderly analysis, for young minds. This has been achieved not so much by simplifying as by dramatic vigor, by combining a full picture of our national life with a wealth of organized information the ordinary voter never gets.

Pessimists may still assert that the instruction of children in civics is an utterly weak force to oppose to the powers of political corruption. Physical disease too is powerful. Yet we have found it worth while to teach hygiene in the schools, and teach it early. To those who desire the extension of social intelligence, the appearance of such a text book as this is a sign of better times. Civic betterment continues to require new knowledge but more than that it needs that what is already found out "should not only be found out but should be known."

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Are We a Nation of Low Brows?

It is charged that the public is intellectually incompetent. Is this true? It is charged that the public is afraid of ideas, disinclined to think, unfriendly to culture. This is a serious matter. The facts should be faced frankly and honestly.

Without Cultural Leadership.

The main criticism, as we find it, is that the people support ventures that are unworthy, that represent no cultural standards. The public is fed on low brow reading matter, low brow movies, low brow theatrical productions, low brow music, low brow newspapers, low brow magazines. As for ourselves, we think the criticism is unfair in that it does not recognize the fact that the public is without cultural leadership. Those who have the divine spark get off by themselves. We believe the public has never had a real chance, never had an opportunity to get acquainted with the great and the beautiful things of life. Given half a chance, we think the public will respond.

We believe there has been enough talk about the public's inferior taste. The time has come to give the public an opportunity to find out something about philosophy, science and the higher things. And the thing must be done at a low price, because the average person's pocketbook is not fat. As it stands, the publishers charge about five dollars a volume, and then wonder why the people stand aloof.

We believe we have hit on a way to find out if the people are interested in the deeper problems of life. And the first thing we decided was to fix a price that shall be within the reach of the person with the most slender purse.

We have selected a library of 25 books, which we are going to offer the public at an absurdly low price. We shall do this to find out if it is true that the public is not going to accept the better things when once given the chance. And we shall make the price so reasonable, so inviting, that there shall be no excuse on the ground of expense.

All Great Things Are Simple.

Once the contents of the following 25 books are absorbed and digested, we believe a person will be well on the road to culture. And by culture we do not mean something dry-as-dust, something incomprehensible to the average mind—genuine culture, like great sculpture, can be made to delight the common as well as the elect. The books listed below are all simple works and yet they are great—all great things are simple. They are serious works, of course, but we do not think the public will refuse to put its mind on serious topics. Here are the 25 books:

Are the People Ready to Read These 25 Books?

Schopenhauer's Essays. For those who regard philosophy as a thing of abstractions, vague and divorced from life, Schopenhauer will be a revelation.

The Trial and Death of Socrates. This is dramatic literature as well as sound philosophy.

Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. This old Roman emperor was a paragon of wisdom and virtue. He will help you.

The Discovery of the Future. H. G. Wells asks and answers the question: Is life just an unsolvable, haphazard struggle?

Dialogues of Plato. This volume takes you into Plato's immortal circle.

Foundations of Religion. Prof. Cook asks and answers the question: Where and how did religious ideas originate?

Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer presents a serious and well-studied viewpoint of life. The substance of his philosophy.

The Idea of God in Nature. John Stuart Mill. How the idea of God may come naturally from observation of nature is explained in this volume.

Life and Character. Goethe. The fruits of his study and observation is explained in this volume.

Thoughts of Pascal. Pascal thought a great deal about God and the Universe, and the origin and purpose of life.

The Olympian Gods. Tichenor. A study of ancient mythology.

The Stoic Philosophy. Prof. Gilbert Murray. He tells what this belief consisted of, how it was discovered and developed, and what we can today learn from it.

God: Known and Unknown. Samuel Butler. A really important work.

Nietzsche: Who He Was and What He Stood For. This is a carefully planned study.

Sun Worship and Later Beliefs. Tichener. A most important study for those who wish to understand ancient religions.

Primitive Beliefs. Tichenor. You get a clear idea from this account of the beliefs of primitive man.

Three Lectures on Evolution. Ernst Haeckel's ideas expressed so you can understand them.

From Monkey to Man. A comprehensive review of the Darwinian theory.

Survival of the Fittest. Another phase of the Darwinian theory.

Evolution vs. Religion. You should read this discussion.

Reflections on Modern Science. Prof. Huxley's reflections definitely add to your knowledge.

Biology and Spiritual Philosophy. This is a very interesting and instructive work.

Bacon's Essays. These essays contain much sound wisdom that still holds.

Emerson's Essays. Emerson was a friend of Carlyle, and in some respects a greater philosopher.

Tolstoi's Essays. His ideas will direct you into many a profitable path of thought.

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And Even Now

And Even Now, by Max Beerbohm. New York: E. P. Dutton. $2.00.

THE actor when we meet him in every day life always comes as a surprise. His heightened personality, which was the carrying quality in whatever part he played, is so tamed and qualified by the social amenities that it is with difficulty that we adjust to him. Off the stage the matinée idol, the melancholy Hamlet is too typically an actor. He is blurred by the professional stamp peculiar to only two professions—the pulpit and the stage. The actor-clown who has rejoiced us in his other books,—and very lately in Seven Men—has always been inimitably Max Beerbohm. Through the impudent buffoonery of his characters, in his most fantastic somersaults, he has been there, perennially young, with a queer tenderness behind the mocking laughter in his eyes. In this volume of essays with the suggestive, slightly dreary title And Even Now, we have him without his make-up, comfortably reminiscent and rambling, kindly inviting us to share his every-day mind, with a wistful carefulness that is more typical of the Atlantic Monthly than of the Max Beerbohm we have known.

There is great charm in the fabric and idea of most of the essays, and through them all a surprisingly warm and lovable humanity, and of course delightful twists and turns of humor; but they are freakish rather than frisky. The old skill is there but husbanded carefully, the gay exuberance is gone. The deep seriousness which must have been behind the delicacy of his caricatures is given seriously with a genuine personal conviction, lightened by irony, which makes up in epigram for its lack of originality. "I think any virtue is better understood if we glance at the vice on either side of it." "Playwriting, it has been well said, is the art of preparing." "The world is divided into two great classes: hosts and guests, I am one of the guests." "There is in the art of sculpture itself a quality intractable to the aims of personal portraiture. Sculpture as it cannot fitly record the gesture of a moment, is discommoded by personal idiosyncrasies." This last was apropos of a statue in Italy of Umberto I which, because of a political ecclesiastic row, has never been unveiled, and he likes it so much unveiled, with only one stout marble boot coquettishly revealed, that he proposes that there should be veiling ceremonies with appropriate speeches for all the portrait monuments in London. Perhaps in philosophy originality can only be shown by the way in which it is driven home! The struggle for emergence, the unfinished, in all forms of art has a peculiar fascination for him. In another essay—on a portrait of Goethe, which was begun in Rome in the heroic-classic style, a fallen obelisk for him to sit on, a white mantle to drape him and a ruined temple for him to look at, but which alas was never finished,—he proposes a museum of incomplete works of art where the public shall throng to steep itself in the splendor of possibilities.

He uses one revealing expression, "the nostalgia of the present," which gives the key note to the whole book. And there is an interesting peculiarity in his sudden admission of middle age—that enlightening volume Who's Who puts him down as fifty—for it is not the normal middle age of today. He has gone back a generation and reverted to a late Victorian middle age. It is not even typically British. Charles Dudley Warner might have been his literary contemporary. Of Swinburne, he says, "I was glad to see that he revelled wistfully in the days just before his own as I in the days just before mine." One of the best essays is "No. 2, The Pines", an account of the elderly Swinburne in his suburban refuge carefully tended by his unfailing showman and admirer Watts-Dunton. Perhaps it is because he was such a sophisticated old-young man in the Yellow Book days that he is now catching back at something which came before which he did not fully savor then. But there is something pathetic in the timid pessimism of his clinging to the past. He has lost his resiliency and is too fine for the glare and blare of the present. It gives a peculiar gallantry to his humor for there is no other author with the same witty persuasiveness of argument in favor of profound nonsense. He makes us sit up and take notice by putting the cart, in which we may be peacefully slumbering, in front of the horse and then backing the horse at a gallop.

UNA HUNT.

A Gate of Cedar, by Catherine Morse. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

A WORTHY first book of verse. Miss Morse is possessed of a straightforward directness, a genuine sincerity. There is nothing of the obtrusively feminine about her, the neurotic feminity of some of our women poets. She has not yet fallen into the rut of those who have discovered a glittering little mould in which to pour every banal emotion found in books, dubbing them lyrics thereby. Her Poems for any Lover are marked with a freshness and simplicity. So, too, the Poems for a Child. They sing. But Miss Morse will have to live much before she writes again. Else she will be only one more of that innumerable caravan scribbling verse in this country today, a poet who finds fitting place as a filler at the bottom of a "serious" writing. She suffers from that most insidious of artistic vices—charm. Her verse is often charming. That will mean her success—and failure.

Contributors

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